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Female Prelate :

BEING THE

HISTORY

OF THE

Life & Death

OF

POPE JOAN.

A TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL.

by E. Settle.

Written by a Person of Quality.

Facit Indignatio versus. Juven.

L O N D O N ,

Printed for W.C. and sold by the Bookfellers of London,
MDCLXXXIX.

THE
HISTORY

OF
THE
LIFE & DEATH
OF
POPE JOHN
A TRAGEDY

IN FIVE ACTS
THEATRICAL ROMANCE

By J. B. Williams
Written by a Party of Quakers

Printed by J. B. Williams
at the Press of J. B. Williams
No. 10, N. 2nd St. N. York

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Actors Names.

John, Lord Cardinal of Rhemes, originally a German Lady, named Joanna Anglica; afterwards disguis'd in the Habit of a Priest of the Benedictine Order, next a Cardinal, and lastly Created Pope.

Lorenzo, a Courtier of a mean Extract, preferr'd by the Lust of Cardinal John, and privately her Inamorato.

Amiran, A Woman in the Habit of a Page, a sworn Confident to the Intrigue of Lorenzo and Rhemes.

The Duke of Saxony, at present a Guest in Rome, brought thither for the Love of a Beautiful Roman Lady called Angeline, to whom he is newly married.

Angeline, his Duchess.

Carlo, his Servant.

The Consistory of Cardinals.

The old Duke of Saxony's Ghost.

Priests, Hereticks, Romans, Witnesses; with Messengers, Servants, and all other Attendants.

The Scene, R O M E.

Agnes Marston

John, Lord Cardinal of Rheims, originally a Common Law
narrowed John's Angles; afterwards, he held in the
die of a Prince of the Church, and then a
was, and left a great name.

John, a Countess of a great Estate, was the
last of a great line, and a wise and virtuous.

Agnes, a Countess of the same name, was the
first of a great line, and a wise and virtuous.

The Duke of Saxony, at present a Duke of
the same name, was the first of a great line, and a
wise and virtuous.

Agnes, a Countess of the same name, was the
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The Duke of Saxony

Pope JOHN VIII, &c.

ACT I.

Saxony and Angeline with Attendants.

Sax. **M**Y dearest *Angeline*, my softest Bride!
 Oh never did the Rising Sun salute
 A man more happy, or a day more glorious:
 Last night, our Nuptial Coronation night.

Oh the vast Scenes of my immortal Joys!
 To what high Orb of Glory am I wrapt?

So a translated Soul caught up to Heaven,
 Stands on the Battlements of his new Paradise,
 And with a wondering eye surveys how far
 He has left the distant under-world beneath him.

Ang. My dearest Lord, this is extremely kind,
 And I, methinks, have such an equal share
 In my dear Lord's delight, that—oh my Lord,
 Something I had to say, but I want words;
 Oh let my Blushes speak the rest, for I am
 Too young in Love to talk.

Sax. Blush on, sweet Innocence.
 Blush till thy burning Cheeks
 Glow like the Incense on a vestal Fire,
 Then in my Arms let thy warm sweets expire.
 But tho' I am—

Encircled round with all the Harmony
 Of Sovereignty, Power, Wealth and Honours;
 Whilst Fortune sings above, and Pleasures dance around me:
 Nay, to sum all, though I have Thee, a Treasure
 So far above the enjoyment of a Crown,
 (For Crowns the World has brighter, Beauties none.)
 Yet with all these I am not intirely happy.

Oh,

Oh, *Angeline*, I had a Father,
Whose Blood, whose Royal Blood is unrevenged.

Ang. And does that melancholy Thought arise
At this untimely hour?

Sax. Yes, my sweet *Angeline*, I had a Father,
A Prince so Excellent, so truly Noble,
Too good for this base world, and yet from this
Base world too early ravish'd to the Stars.
For in reward of all his manly Virtues
Was this unhappy Prince most basely poysoned :
Nay, poysoned by a Priest, his savage Confessor.
That cursed Slave that fed upon his Smiles,
Fill'd the dire Bowl, and whilst the canting Villain
Was whispering Heaven into his Ear, could lift
Damnation to his Lips; but by what motives
To such Ingratitude, Heaven only knows.

Ang. My Lord, I cannot blame your Noble Piety.
But now consider seven long years are past,
And in that time the mourning Robe should sure
Be quite worn out.

Sax. Never, my *Angeline*.
Methinks I've still the Poysoner in my eye;
That white-faced Dog, that venom-mouth'd Mungril :
None of our burly, strutting Gown-men,
Who pamper'd with the Roman Altar's Luxury,
Swell and grow fat with the rich Churches Riot ;
But a thin meager Eunuch-featur'd Starveling,
Lean even with surfeiting, his Looks as pale
As Envy, but his Soul as black as Hell.

Ang. Why these rough Blasts t'uncalm your sweeter Airs?
What though the Villain could escape your Fury,
And by his Flight protect his impious Head?
For seven long years concealed from your just Rage?
No doubt, ere this, Heaven's longer Arm has reach'd him,
And finished your imperfect Vengeance for you ;
Punishing his Crimes by his untimely Fate.

Sax. That's not enough t'appease a Father's Ghost :
Blood requires Blood, and Vengeance wields a Sword
That cuts on both sides :
Guilt should find Pains on Earth, as well as Plagues in Hell.
But where the safe Offender lives
Till the slow hand of Chance or Nature strikes,
It blunts one edge of Fate.

Ang. Divert this sullen Thought,
And tell me who amongst our Buffing Cardinals

That

That flock from all the Corners of the World
To tug for *Rome's* bright triple Diadem,
You think will next succeed.

Sax. I neither know, nor care.

But could they chuse a Pope that had the Keys
Of Hell, as well as Heaven, and would be kind,
And lock that Poysoner from the infernal Jayl,
Till I had but one dear pull at's Heart-strings,
Next my dear *Angeline*, I'd chuse no Saint
On this side Heaven but him.

Enter several Cardinals, crossing the Stage.

Ang. Still, my loved Lord, you make
Your self, and your poor *Angeline* uneasy.
But see the Cardinals flock to the Conclave.
Now were I Confessor to these grave Lords,
I would lay odds, there's not that Priest amongst 'em
But has so great an Itch to be a Pope,
That on my Conscience he'd shake hands with Heaven
And fairly quit his hopes of Crowns above,
Proudly to Lord it over Kings below.
But see the Pomp increases.

Enter John, Lord Cardinal of Rhemes, with his Attendants, crossing the Stage.

Sax. Look, my *Angeline*;
Seest thou that Face?

Ang. That gay effeminate Priest?

Sax. By all my Hopes, by the dear Charms of Vengeance,
My Father's Poysoner: *Carlo*, Dog that Cardinal,
And from his Followers enquire his Name. [*Exit Servant.*]
I've found him now: he lives, ye Gods, he lives.
But is the Villain made a Cardinal!
Good Heaven, can it consist with thy great Justice
To dress a Monster in a Robe so Princely!

Ang. My dearest Love, no doubt he has been preserved
By Miracle, advanced to to all these Honours,
Given as a Brand, not a Reward from Heaven;
Raised only to this height to fall a greater Sacrifice.

Sax. Yes; my best Life, thou hast it. Had I stabb'd
This Monster in the Fact;
Or brought him in his naked Native Poverty,
A Ragged Ruffet Priest to a Tribunal,

How little had I paid to th' injured *Marius* but his more *benefit*
Of the great Duke of *Sorano*? But now *benefit*
Thanks, my kind Stars, he is a Prince, a Cardinal, how kind noy
Fit for my Father's Victim. Oh, 'twere brave
To stab him in the publick Consistory.

Ang. How, my dear Lord!

Sax. Yet let me think again :
So in the Senate fell the martyr'd *Caesar*;
And that's a Fate too glorious for a Villain.

Ang. Oh, Sir, take heed of such a wild Revenge,
Left taking of his Life should hazard yours.

And do you love your *Angeline* no better
Than to endanger her dear Lord?

Sax. Thy Reasons and thy Love shall guide my Hand :
I'll take thy kind Advice, and move more calmly.
Rashness and Vengeance never were Allies :
Revenge is witty when it walks, not flies.
Consider too I am in a Christian World ;
The Court of *Rome*, the Head and Spring of Justice,
A Ponyard and a Sword are Arms too bright :
A Scaffold and an Axe shall do me right. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Cardinal John, Lorenzo and Amiran.

John. Now my best Love, we are in our private state,
I thy kind *Juno*, thou my faithful *Jove*,
And our sworn Loyal *Ganimede* alone,
And now we are our selves.

Lor. Yes, my dear mask'd Divinity :
We are the only two that know what Treasure
This borrow'd Casket holds, and I the Lord that wear it.

Joh. Thus far has my Disguise, and my Designs
Deceived the blinded World ; for seven long years
My Arts and Sex concealed : nay, and to heighten
The Miracle, I have lived an undiscovered Woman,
Bred amongst Priests, high-fed, hot-blooded Priests,
Those long-wing'd Hawks at all the Female Game :
Yet I've defied their keenest Eyes to track me :
I could grow proud with the imagination,
And talk as big as a victorious Lover.

Lor. But how much prouder would you talk, should *Romes* Great Lottery in this Election throw Her Diadem at your Feet?

Joh. That were Fates Master-piece.
Glory, bewitching Glory; oh, for the Popedom!
Bring me some God, or what else Power beside,
Some kinder Devil, but toth' Roman Chair,
And I am thy Slave for ever. How it 'twould please me
To reign the Christian World's dread Thunderer all
The day, and thy soft *Venus* all the night.

Lor. My best dear Angel:

Alas, who knows but Fortune may be kind;
And the fair Lot fall to this fairer hand!

Joh. Yes, 'twould be kind indeed; grant That, and I
Have all my Wishes in both Worlds complete.
Yes, I could make a Pope, and like that proud
Stupendious thing, sit at the Helm of Heav'n,
And with my Breath unlock the Gates of Paradise.
Let 'em but bring me golden Offerings,
And I would make Heavens Chrystal Hinges fly:
Fill my Exchequer, and my Purgatory
Should soon be empty. Yet methinks for our
Stoln pleasures sake, I should be kind to Love,
And sell my Pardons cheap to poor expiring Lovers.

Lor. The Subject gives you Mirth; I see your Transports
Have made you witty.

Joh. Yes, and serious too.
Could I but reach the Roman Diadem;
I'd sit within my *Romes* seven Hills as glorious
As once the fam'd *Semiramis* within
Her Babylonian Towers. Her Female Hand
Did the Worlds Scepter guide, and why not mine?
A Kingly Soul her borrowed manhood wore;
Whilst like a God she fate within her Cloud.
And mov'd her World beneath her.

Enter Servant.

Ser. The Duke of Saxony desires admittance.

Joh. Oh, in these Lines he tracks his Father's Poysoner.
I see seven Years have not quite worn my Face out.
Admit the harmless Blusterer.

(*Exit Servant.*)

—— 'Tis true;
Once two whole Years he had me in the chace,

Then

Then but an inconsiderable Monk,
 Too weak to grapple with so fierce a Hunter ;
 Through all Disguises, Shapes and Names I dodged him,
 Till the cold scent made him give o'r the Game.
 But I am above thee now. Yes Prince, I had
 Intelligence how the famed Roman Beauty
 Had brought thee from thy *Saxony* to *Rome* :
 And well foresaw this Face here would soon rowze
 A sleeping Blood-hound. But, alas, weak Champion,
 We come prepared to meet thy feeble Rage.

Enter Saxony, ushered in by the Attendants of Rhemes.

Sax. Lord Cardinal of *Rhemes*, for to that name
 Your prodigal Stars have called you. Oh that Spectre !

Joh. Young *Saxony*, go on.

Sax. Yes, Cardinal.

Hither I come to wake your drowzy Conscience,
 And tell you, that this Scarlet Mantle shrowds
 That canker'd Fiend that stung my Father dead.

Joh. How, my young Lord !

Sax. Yes, my young Poisoner.

Joh. Before I answer to this peal of Thunder,
 I ought t' examine if I am more than Man,
 For Flesh and Blood should tremble at these sounds.

Sax. And does not thine ?

Joh. Mine !

Sax. Yes, thine, proud Priest; does not a rising Damp
 From the cold Vault that holds my Fathers Bones,
 Freeze thy black Blood, and make thy staggering Frame
 Shrink at my Vengeance ?

Joh. Harmless Thunderer, no :
 The feeble Blast flies o'er this Princely Tower,
 And not one Column shakes.

Sax. Triumphant Impudence !
 Can I bear this ? At thy rank Soul.

[*Draws.*

Lor. Forbear this Insolence.

Sax. Unhand me, Ruffians.

Lor. Hold, desperate Lord. Lift but an Arm once more
 Against that Life, and by the Gods, thy Soul
 Attends thy Father's Ghost.

Sax. How ? Braved by thee !
 And what art thou, Domestick, small Dependent
 On that proud Thing ? Heaven, like the Sun in *Egypt*,

Has

Has warm'd that venomous Dirt into a Monster ;
And thou'rt a Bubble in the Mud beneath him.

Lor. How, sawcy Lord !

Joh. *Lorenzo*, hold. Young *Saxony*, no more.

Sax. Dared by his Slaves ! can I bear this, and live ?
Some Ague chill my Veins, or some kind Palsey
Unnerve my Arm, lest it out-run my Reason.

Lor. Rash Prince, this Fury does not fit this Place.
Think where you are.

Amir. Yes, Sir, think where you are,
Within the Palace of a Roman Prelate,
A place too sacred ———

Sax. Peace, ye Limbs of Vengeance,
Dare you presume to prate ? Because that Wizard
Has to damnation sign'd and sealed his Soul,
To fill the pomp of his infernal State,
He has wisely bargained with his Patron Devils
For this young Imp, and that tall Fiend to guard him.

Joh. Hold, Sir, we understand your Provocations :
And therefore can forgive these wild Excursions.
But to restore your peace, you shall have Justice.

Sax. I will have Justice, Priest.

Joh. First I consider you're the Heir of *Saxony* ;
And to all princely Blood my Soul pays Honour.
Next, you have a Father lost, a murder'd Father :
And to all Greatness in Distress, Humanity
Commands my Pity. Lastly, I am a Church-man,
And should disgrace the Sacred Robe I wear ;
Should I attempt to stop the course of Justice,
Or make the groaning Ghost of *Saxony*
Unsatisfied. Well, Sir, I am your Mark :
Now name me both my Judge, and my Tribunal.

Sax. Bold Cardinal, I take you at your Word :
And bring my Cause before the Consistory :
There, if thou darest appear ———

Joh. Dare ! yes, as cheerfully
As a young Lover on his Bridal Night.
But meet me quickly there : For know, young Prince,
I am your Accuser now, and not you mine.
Your Tongue has rais'd a Blister on my Name,
Canker'd my Glory with the Brand of Murderer,
Nor can I come too soon to th' Ear of Justice.
Make haste, young Duke ; for I have a wounded Fame
Must be made whole again.

Sax. Yes, my brisk Prelate,
Meet me this hour.

Job. This hour I'll meet you there.

Sax. And then——— [Exit *Saxony*.

Job. How I could laugh at this poor Animal.

Do; hunt me close: and scent thy Father's Blood.

But know, hot Fool, I have the Priest to play yet;

A Roman Dance to lead you. I could hug my self

For my rare Mischiefs. Oh my fertile Brain!

Why was not I the first created Woman?

'Sdeath, I'd have met the subtle plotting Serpent,

And by my Arts blown up the shallow Fiend:

Thus from its Doom the threaten'd World recal;

And countermine the lost Creations fall. [Exeunt.

The Scene Changes to the Consistory.

First Cardinal. Brethren and Partners in this Royal Sessions;

This fair Divine Assembly, in the Name

Of *Albert Duke of Saxony*:

I bring a Cause before this great Tribunal,

Worthy the Ear of Heav'n, his Princely Father's Murder.

Card. 2. My Lord of *Milains* Reverenceship speaks well:

But why, my Lord, this Tryal at this hour?

Think of the properer Business of the Day,

The new Election of our Heavenly Vicar.

Does not that Throne stand empty? By my holy Dame

'Tis fit that first we set a Head on the headless *Rome*.

Card. 3. My good Lord Cardinals Reasons would be just

In any case but this; but know, my Lord,

It is a member of our own Society,

That stands accused, the Cardinal of *Rhemes*;

And shall we entertain a Murderer,

Within these Sacred Walls, and at this time;

When Heavens Commissions are just issuing out

To chuse a Brow from out this Royal Synod

To wear th'Imperial Mitre, and to Reign

Romes Lord, Heavens Chancellor, and the great Keeper

Of the bright Seals of Paradise? And shall we

Among this glorious Constellation harbour

A Murderer; have his black impious Hand

Be mix'd amongst these Princely Candidates,

And grasp at th' hallow'd Roman Diadem? [Exit *Card.*

Card. 3. You, my good Lord of *Milain*, speak the sense
Of the whole Consistory. We and Heaven
Do think it just, that the infected Body
Be purged before we consecrate the Head.
Stand forth then, *Albert*, Duke of *Saxony*,
And *John*, Lord Cardinal of *Rhemes*, stand forth.

*Enter on one side the Stage the Duke of Saxony : on the other John Lord
Cardinal of Rhemes with their respective Trains.*

Sax. Most Reverend Lords, *Romes* ever awful Senate,
From whose wide Rays of never setting Glory,
Truth, Faith, Religion gild th'enlightned Globe.
Hither I bring to your divinest Justice
A Treason of the deepest blackest Dye
That Night e'r shelter'd, or the Day ere blush'd at;
Committed by that impious Prelate *John*
Lord Cardinal of *Rhemes*.

Card. 2. Boldly and bravely.

Sax. But e'er I prove the monstrous Fact, I have
One Grace to beg from this Devout Assembly.
Not that I need to beg it. 'Tis a Boon
You'll grant unask'd, and yet my Zeal must speak.

Card. 1. Speak freely, ask with Reason, and obtain.

Sax. Then I implore, that not the Brother-Name
Of Cardinal, his Title, Robe or Office
Plead for him, make this whole untainted Body
Be over tender of a gangreen'd Limb,
Because a part of it self.

Card. 4. My Lord, you wrong us.
Know who we are, Heavens Representatives.
And can you think the Tree of Paradise
Would ever cherish a rank spurious Branch!
Or we permit a bloody wounded Stragler
To herd for shelter 'mongst the purer Flock.
No *Saxony*; we drive him out, and give him
An open Field and Law for Life or Death.

Card. 1. Now, Duke of *Saxony*, plead and be heard.

Sax. Thus then---that now Lord Cardinal of *Rhemes*,
Seven Years ago, a Benedictine Monk,
Was Confessor to my unhappy Father,
That Cardinal, now disguised by the false name
Of *John*, more like a Robber than a Christian,
Was then call'd *Theodore*. 'Twas in that name

He grew acquainted with my Princely Father.
 Thus blest, thus honoured, by a rise so sudden
 He won so far my Royal Father's Favour;
 His Ear, his Hand, his Soul was all his own.
 But by what Magick Arts so false a Snake
 Could twine within that Royal Princes Heart,
 Just Heaven above, and his own Hells within him
 Can only tell.

Card. 2. To this your Answer, Lord,

John. Thus far I own my brave Accuser just:
 I was this Prince's Father's Confessor,
 His Favourite, Friend, Confident.
 Nay, the whole Circle of his Deeds, Thoughts, Counsels,
 All center'd in my Heart.

Sax. And in return

To all this Honour, hear his black Ingratitude;
 One Evening, a curs'd Hour damn'd from Eternity,
 This treacherous Sycophant being alone
 With my unhappy Father in his Closer,
 To make their privacy more cheerful,
 A Bowl of Wine was call'd for, and about
 Three hours this Conference held, till night adjourn'd
 The Consult, and so silenc'd 'em to Bed.
 Thus parted, scarce the Morning Sun could wake,
 Or frighted, waked too soon, but this Alarm
 Fill'd the whole Court, the Duke, the Duke is poysoned.
 We found him raving, all his Veins on Fire,
 His restless Bed more like his Funeral Pile;
 His Priest being call'd, we found his Chamber empty:
 By th'help of Night the Hellish Fiend was vanish'd.
 But oh, he had left his Sulphurous Brand behind him;
 For that was burning in my Father's Heart.

Card. 2. There's horror in this Deed. Now by my Holy Dame,
 A thundring Accusation. But what Proofs,
 What Witnesses for all this Tragick Story?

Sax. All his Attendants, Nobles, Menials, almost
 The whole sad Court of Saxony were all
 Spectators of their Royal Masters Fall.
 But let these few, the Representatives
 Of a whole Mourning Dukedom, speak their knowledge.

Card. 3. Stand forth, and speak.

[*One of the Attendants steps out.*]

Att. 1. To these blest Walls I bow,
 Rome's ever Sacred Vatican.

Card.

Card. 1. What art thou?

Att. 1. A Gentleman; for twenty years a Servant
To the great Duke of Saxony.

Card. 3. Art they all sworn?

Priest. My Lord, they are.

Card. 3. Proceed.

Att. All that my Prince has said against that Priest,
Is Oracle, only more Truth, and less

Mysterious; and to lay his Father's Murder

More close to that ungrateful Monster's Charge;

When he was told the conscious Monk was fled,

Amidst his dying Groans these Accents fell,

And is my Friend, my Priest, my Murderer?

Heaven, if the Priestly Robe, your own bright Livery

Can shrowd such Treason, bring me to that Throne,

Where th' unoffending, untaught Infidel

Sits crown'd, whilst the Apostate Christian burns.

This we all swear to.

All, All.

Card. 1. Degenerate World,
Oh, whither art thou fallen?

Attend. 2. Hear me, my Lords.

I have had the Honour many Years together

To have that murder'd Prince no less my charge,

Than that false Confessor's; only this difference;

I was his Healths more faithful, than that Traitor

His Soul's Physician; and as my last Office

To my dead Lord, with my own Hand through his

Dissected Veins I track'd the Drug that kill'd him.

He died by Poyson.

Sax. Truth more evident no
Tribunal ever heard, no God e'er punish'd.

Card. 1. Crimes terrible, Proofs strong, and circumstances
Invincible. *Rhemes,* What Defence to this?

Job. That Saxony's great Duke died by my hand,
I own:

But that he fell by Treason, I deny.

'Tis the intention of the Mind, and not

The Deed that makes the Crime. Who but in Thought

Dares lift a Hand against a Sovereign Head,

Is both a Rebel to his Prince and God.

But he

That strikes a Dagger to a Traitor's Heart,

Though ne'er so princely born, does Heaven good service.

Know then, that Traitor was the Saxon Duke,
And I that Traitor's Executioner.

Sax. Traitor! to what? to whom? What means the Villain?

Joh. Traitor to Rome, to Rome's Supremacy,
To Rome's Religion, and Rome's God a Traitor.

Sax. Oh execrable Dog!

Card. 1. Mark what you say, bold Lord, take heed you lay not
An Imputation on a Princely Family,

[To Rhemes.]

Add Crimes to Crimes, and with invenomed Breath
Attempt to play the Poyfoner o'er again.

Joh. Then let the injured Majesty of Rome
Know, the old Duke of Saxony held a League
Confederate with the German Traytor *Damasus*.

Card. 2. How, that Arch-Heretick, that Arian Monster,
Rebel to Rome and Heaven! some three Years since
Burnt at *Ravenna*.

Joh. Yes, my Lord, the same.

Sax. This, if the Traitor proves——

Joh. This, If I prove not
Shame, and the publick Gibbet brand the Liar.

Card. 1. Go on, thou bold Impeacher.

Sax. Yes, go on,
Shew thy rank Gaul, and the thin Veil that shrouds it.

Joh. Thus let me speak.

[Produces Letters.]

Card. 2. Ha! what are these?

Joh. The whole
Conspiracy.

Card. 3. Let 'em be read.

Card. 4. A Pacquet
Of Letters to the Duke of Saxony.

Card. 3. Let 'em be read.

Card. 4. To *Albert* Duke of Saxony.

Sir,

[Reads.]

I Cannot express the Transport your Royal Excellence gives me, when
you tell me your Army is completely raised, and that you are ready
in their Head to strike your Dagger in the Gates of Rome, and lay the
Scarlet prostitute in Ashes——

Card. 2. *Monstrum horrendum!*

[Reads on.]

All the Levies I can raise amongst the Loyal German Christians shall
not be wanting to carry on so holy a War. Continue still to believe, that
Rome's usurpt Supremacy, as it began by the grand Rebel Phocas, as it com-
menced by a Traitor, so it is maintained by an Impostor, whilst that very
ground

ground that falsly stiles it self the sacred Sheep-fold, is now made the publick Mart of Souls, the Royal Exchange for a Trade into Heaven, where Religion toils at the Mint, and Holiness sits at the Receipt of Customs, whilst the Broad-Seal for everlasting Pardons is stamp'd in Gold. In fine, the Pope with all his Limbs, the Cardinals, is but a growing Hydra; and whilst your Excellence continues your noble Resolution of being the Hercules that shall destroy that Hydra, you shall not want the Prayers, nor Assistance of,

My Lord,

Your Excellencies dutiful and faithful Slave,

Damascus.

Sax. Oh hear me, Lords.

Card. 1. You shall be heard anon, let him read on.

Card. 1. To *Albert*, Duke of *Saxony*.

[*Reads.*]

*Whereas your Royal Excellence is pleas'd
T'espouse the Cause of Truth and Heaven against
The false usurping Rome*——

Card. 2. All the same Brand.

The same black Mark of Hell, we'll hear no more.

Sax. All Forgery, rank Forgery, damn'd Impostor.
My Royal Father ne'er receiv'd one Syllable
Of those forged Libels, held no Heretick Leagues
With any German Traytor.

Card. 2. But, bold Defendant, speak, how do you prove
These monstrous Libels true; this League, these Letters
Received by *Saxony*, and writ by *Damascus*.——

John. By these two honest Gentlemen.

Card. 1. What are you?

Gent. 1. Two Germans, formerly th' unhappy Servants
Of an accursed Master th' Heretick *Damascus*.

Till Heaven by his just punishment had warn'd
Our wandering Souls, and our lost Sense restored.

Card. 1. And by your Oaths those were your Master's Hand.

Gent. 2. My Lord, they are.

Card. 3. You saw him write 'em?

Gent. 1. Yes.

Card. 4. You knew the whole Conspiracy 'twixt him
And *Saxony*?

Gent. 2. We did.

Card. 4. Their Walks, their Motions?

Gent. 1. All.

Card. 4. And *Rome's* Subversion was their Theam?

Gent. 1. It was.

Card.

Card. 4. Lord Cardinals, Romans, Brothers, Church-men, Friends,
Can such things be, and ~~Rome's~~ Hearts not tremble?
Could such a Rebel Duke deserve to live!

Sax. By all that's good, I'll take my Crown, my Life,
My Soul, these Slaves are false; let 'em but prove
One Syllable in my wronged Father's Hand
To countenance this Conspiracy:

Which if they do, make Me your Martyr too;
Doom me t' a Bowl of my own Father's Poyson,
Administred by the same Hang-man's hand.

Card. 1. But can you witness ought of *Saxon's* Letters
Received in countenance, and answer to
This Treason?

Gent. 1. Yes, my Lord!

Card. 2. Several?

Gent. 2. Many.

Which, we as Confidants and Parties

In the Confederacy, perused and read.

Card. 2. Can you produce those Letters?

Gent. 1. No, my Lord.

For still the cautious *Damasus* made his Soul
His Treasons Cabinet, all dangerous Papers
No sooner read, but burnt.

Card. 3. Politick Devil!

Sax. Excellent Proof!

Oh *Roman* Prelates, if you've Truth, Faith, Honour,
Remove this Cloud that shades my Father's Fame:

This is all Cheat, Disguise, rank Counterfeit.

My Royal Father was a constant Catholick,
His Faith and Life incorporate, his Principles
Suck'd in from *Rome's* own Breast.

Card. 4. So 'tis a Sign.

Sax. And in some base revenge, perhaps on purpose
For his unshaken constancy to *Rome*,

By that false Heretick, and this falser Priest,
Those very Papers were received, and sent
My Father's Soul a Stranger to the Villany.

Low as his Grave throw down their feeble Batteries;

Oh, *Romans*, hold the Scale of Justice right;

Weigh the true value of a Prince's Honour,

A Prince's Blood and Life.

Card. 3. Bold *German*, is *Rome's* Wisdom, and *Rome's* Conclave
To be instructed how to judge, or act?

Sax. And for that Army which my Father rais'd,

'Twas all design'd to fright our ancient Foes;

The warlike *Vandal*,

Rhemes. That was the Pretence

But *Rome's* subversion, and Religion's Ruine

Was the Design.

Card. 4. And my good Lord of *Rhemes*

'Twas in prevention of a dangerous Heresie,

And to revenge our injured Church, you gave

The Duke this Poyson?

Rhemes. Yes, my Lord, I did,

But, oh! it griev'd my Soul to kill my Prince :

My Friend, my Patron; nay, my generous Patron :

But in a Cause so just, for *Rome's* bright Glory,

Our Mother Churches Right, I'd not have spar'd a Brother,

Father, Friend, Sovereign; in a Cause so good

Kingdoms should groan, and Monarchs set in Blood.

Card. 1. Come to our Arms——

Card. 2. T'our Arms, dear Lord of *Rhemes*; [Hugging him]

Card. 3. Religion's Bulwark——

Card. 4. Truth's Defender, welcome.

Card. 1. *Rome's* Patriot, and Heaven's Champion, ever welcome

Bright Son of Fame, we and our Saints are all

Your Debtors for this meritorious Service.

Sax. Is this your Doom? Church-men you call your selves;

Is this a Church-Reward for murder'd Majesty

Oh I could rave! But Lords, I'll reason calmly.

Grant those false Libellers, and this Poysoner honest.

Yes, grant my Father that lewd thing they paint him :

Nay more, suppose th'*Almighty Rome* has power

To judge a King, and doom a Sovereign Head.

Card. 1. Suppose it, *Saxon*!

Sax. Yes, suppose it, Priest.

Were he a Criminal, why were not all

Those intercepted Letters sent to *Rome*,

And he as an Offender fairly tried,

Call'd to the Bar, to *Rome's* King-killing Bar,

And his Accusers met him face to face?

Rhemes. T'have waged in publick 'gainst so great an Adversary

Had been t'have had our Cause and martyr'd Throats,

Both silenced, Treason hush'd, Truth undiscovered,

And *Rome* for ever unrevenged.

Card. 1. How, *German*,

A private man impeach an Heretick King,

Call him to Law, and face to face convict him.

Does

Does the weak Traveller face the roaring Lion,
 Or spotted Leopard, and grapple Arm to Arm?
 No, foolish Prince,
 Does he not straight fly to some hollow Cave,
 Or climb some Cedar's Top, from whose safe stand
 Does he not watch a lucky hour, and shoot
 Th'unwary Savage dead, or in a Toyl
 The snared Devourer seize? and Sir,
 Are Heretick Kings less Brutes, less Savages
 Than Lions, Tigers, Leopards, or less
 To be destroyed than they? or must Rome kill
 By open hostile Arms? The Churches strength
 Lies not in a Spear, nor Lance, or ponderous Steel.
 A Pebble slung from out a righteous hand,
 May strike a Giant dead.

Sax. How, *Roman* Prelates,
 Are these your Principles? —
 Some pitying Saint keep in my boiling Rage,
 And wall me round with Adamant.
 Church-Hypocrites! false Bastard Prophets, hear me.

Car. 1. Take him away, and stop the Rayler's Mouth.

Car. 2. No, let him stay, and hear the voice of Rome.

Car. 1. Is it by me you speak?

All Card. Speak, Lord of Millain.

Card. 1. First, our whole Consistory votes her Thanks
 To this Illustrious Lord. Next, as a Monument
 T'an Heretick's Infamy; if the Boul that held
 The sacred Drug, can be by Art or Gold
 Recovered, we Decree, that it be consecrated,
 As an Eternal Relick to the Chappel at
Loretto. Lastly, that the sleeping Bones
 Of the dead *Saxon* Heretick, unworthy
 To mix with the untainted Royal Dust
 Of his great Ancestors, be taken up,
 Removed, and buried in unhallow'd Ground.

Sax. Disturb my Father's Dust, what *Cerberus* Dog amongst ye
 Dares growl a sound so impious?
 Ye Cardinal Wolves, tear up his Royal Bones,
 Do, if you dare: keep your Prerogative
 To Hector Kingdoms, and to Hag-ride Kings.
 But know,
 We are too great, and *Saxony* too honest.
 That Blood-hound Priest, that Jackal Monk that dares
 With his envenom'd Claws but touch his Tomb,

By all the Conclave Devils, and the Ghost
Of my dead Father, dies upon a Gibbet.

Card. 2. And are wethreatned too ? By the Divinity
Of Rome, bold Arrogance, thy forfeit Head—
But thrust him out, and shut our Gates against him.

The Scene shuts upon him, and the Consistory closes.

Sax. Farewel, ye Scarlet Blood-hounds :
Are these the Lords that yoke the Necks of Kings ?
How senseless is that dull Imperial Head
That makes his Scepter to the Crozier bow ?
By Heavens he's both a Coward and a Slave.
Rome's upstart Idol 'bove his Throne he rears,
And servilely creates the God he fears :
Down goes his Majesty, and down his Fame,
Pope is the King, and Monarch but the Name.

Exit.

Finis Actus primi.

A C T II.

Saxony and Angeline.

Sax. **O** *H Rome*, thou once great Mistress of the World !
How much thy ancient Royal Capitol
Exceeds th'adulterate Vatican ; when Pagans
And Infidels possess'd thee, they were honest !
The blind Idolaters that kneel'd and pray'd
To their deaf, senseless, molten Gods, were Saints
To this Church-Spawn ; this Nest of Scarlet Tyrants.

Ang. Indeed, my Lord, this strange inverted Justice
Is very hard, but bear it like a man.

Sax. Yes, when I am treated like a man ; but Princes
Are less than Dogs, where base-born Priests controul.
I and my Cause with all my loud-tongued Wrongs
Spurn'd from their presence, and my Father's Blood,
Of that small value, that the Purple Juice
That fills the pamper'd Prelates Epicurean Gorge,
Is spilt with more Concern than the Blood of Princes.

Ang. Calm your untimely Rage ; when Ills are past
Bedressing, and all other hope forsakes us,

D

Patience

Patience is then the wife man's last Companion.

Sax. Patient ! Oh never till *Rome's* Confessory
And Justice fill one Throne, and that must be

When Contraries unite ; when Truth and Falshood

Incorporate. Suppose my Princely Father

Had been an Heretick : but if my Soul

Dares play the Prophet, 'twas some private Malice

That gave the Tragick Blow : and this pretended Heresie

Some false Machine that mov'd the Ipecious Scene.

Btt grant it true ; why was he not accused,

Summon'd and call'd before th'all-judging *Rome*,

And doom'd by Law ; if *Rome* can judge a King ?

Had he been weigh'd in Justice equal Ballance,

And found too light, then to have hoist

The mounting Scale, and tript him up to Heaven

Had been a Doom

Worthy the Glory of the Triple Diadem.

But to be kill'd by a Poysoner and a Traytor,

And less Crimes by greater Crimes be punish'd ;

Yes, the whole Conclave hug him for the Fact :

Come to our Arms, t'our Arms, dear Lord of *Rhemes* :

We and our Saints are all your Debtors.

Ang. Enough, my Lord !

Sax. Yet, what confounds all humane Sense to think

The Papal Crown's fix'd on this Monster's Brow :

Nay, rais'd too by the Merit of a Poysoner :

My Father's Blood advanced him to the Popedom :

Crown'd him Heaven's Vicar for Hell's blackest Murder.

Ang. Yet hold, my Lord,

Sax. With these damn'd Principles a begging Friar

Shall stab a King, a lowlie tatter'd Monk

Be a Monarch's Judge and Executioner.

Is this the Justice of the Imperial Miter ?

Convents and Cloysters thus are *Rome's* Tribunals,

Daggers and Poysons are their Axe and Fasces,

Palaces their Scaffolds, and the Priestly Robe

The Hang-man's Livery.

Enter Lorenzo, Priests and Officers.

Lor. Seize him. [*They seize him.*]

Ang. Ha ! What are these ?

Lor. I come to tell you, that your loud-mouth'd Scandals

'Gainst *Rome*, and *Rome's* Imperial Dignity

Have pulled down vengeance on your Blasphemies,

It is his Holiness Pleasure that you stand

Both

Both excommunicated and deposed,
Your Titles, Honours, Principalities
All forfeited and lost, no more the Duke
Of Saxony, but a private Malefactor,
Mine and Rome's Prisoner.

Ang. Cruel Stars!

Sax. Unhand me.

Lor. 'Tis too late.

Sax. Too late!

By what Authority, officious Slave,
To thy proud Lord, am I thus basely seiz'd,
Against all Honour, Conscience, Law, Religion?
Oh, the inhospitable Walls of Rome!

Lor. By the Imperial Roman Prelacy,
In Justice to your impious Execrations.

Sax. Traytor, 'tis false, Rome's boasting Tyrant lies.
If I have done ill, I am a Sovereign Prince;
And faults of Princes stand accountable
Only to Heaven; and that too not till Death:
But Rome can both depose and murder Kings;
So far that Pride that falsely stiles it self
Servant of Servants, borrows a Prerogative
Above its God; such Blasphemies are lodged
In this Infallible and Universal.

Lor. These dangerous Outrages ill fit your fate,
But notwithstanding all your just Deserts,
Hear the soft sounds of Mercy, which I bring:
His tender Holiness in commiseration
Both of your blooming Youth, and Princely Blood,
Tells you by me, if prostrate on your knees
You implore Pardon both from Heaven and him;
That done, the bright Divinity of Rome
Stoops from his Throne, and lays his Thunder by
To accept your Penitence; his Royal Mercy
Shines pity on you.

Sax. Oh this proud Church-Giant!

Lor. This expiatory Sacrifice perform'd
Your Honours, and your Freedom are restored.

Sax. Unparallel'd Arrogance! Draw me, some Painter,
This Church-Leviathan, draw him at full length;
In some deep Ocean, bottomless as Hell,
And wide as Worlds for his vast Bulk to move in;
Paint his each Breath a Storm, each Row a Tide,
And every Gust from his impetuous Nostrils

A Mountain-Sea, then write Pope underneath.

Lor. To this your Answer?

Ang. Oh, my dearest Lord,
Remember you're the Sovereign Duke of Saxony;
Move not one step below your Princely Honour
To save ten thousand Lives.

Lor. A Divine Creature.

And worth the pawning of a Soul t'enjoy. *[Aside.]*

Ang. Let him go on, and lodge us in a Dungeon
As far removed from Light as is the Pope from Heaven;
Before we'll stoop but to one abject thought,
Or bend a Knee t'a Royal Father's Murderer.

Lor. Gods! a rare Girl; a Prize, an excellent Prize. *[Aside.]*

Sax. Light of my world, how charming is thy Pride?
But doubt not my best Life, when I do ought
Below the Glory of my Father's Son,
Sink me, just Heaven, below my Father's Fate.

Lor. Convey him hence. This Lady is my Charge.

Sax. Must we two part? Is this your Tyrants doom?

Lor. Till satisfactory Atonement's made
To his offended Holiness she ne'er
Must see you more; but that just Debt once paid,
Then live and love for ever.

Sax. Oh this Thunder-stroak!

Ang. Farewel, my Soul, my dearest Lord, farewel:
Keep up your Courage, guard your Royal Honour:
Think not one Thought below your Princely Birth
To save your Princess Life; rather behold
My martyr'd Blood bedew the sprinkled Sky.
Rather in Death's long Night, and the dark Grave
Our Fame still white, our unstain'd Dust we'll lay;
Than move inglorious t'a Nuptial Day.

Sax. My Heart's best Blood, and my Soul's dearest Oracle,
Farewel; if Heaven e're joyns what Hell divides,
We meet in Glory, or we part for ever. *(Exeunt severally.)*

SCENE II.

The Conclave with the Ceremony of the Pope's Instalment.

Card. 1. Hail, Heaven's great Vicar, uncontroll'd Disposer
Of Crowns and Thrones both Temporal and Immortal.

Card. 2. Thou Wanderer's Night-Star, and Believer's Sun
Of Glory.

Card. 1.

Card. 1. The Lord of Souls and Worlds, universal Head
Of Empires, Principalities, Powers, Potentates.

Card. 3. Thou prop and pillar of Mortality.

Card. 4. And Basis of Eternity, all hail.

Omnes. All hail.

Card. 2. To crown all these ;
Thou Servant of the Seryants of the Saints,
All hail.

Omnes. All hail.

Card. 1. By thee the humble reigns, the proud dethroned :
The Loyal Profelyte fenced in with Glory,
And the Apostatized Rebellious Heretick
Shut out from Hopes and Heaven.

Pope. My gracious Lords, since *Rome's* Imperial Power
You to my undeserving hand have given,
For my first Service to the Church and Heaven ;
How have I merited the Prize I have won,
How little has my humble Nonage done ?
When I

In Saxons Blood did my young Hand embrace,
'Twas but the Snake I in my Cradle slew,
But now our glorious Work begins ; oh *Rome*
Our vast Herculean Labours are to come.

Card. 3. Spoke like the Lord of *Rome*, your God-like self,
The sole Vicegerent of Omnipotence.

Pope. *Rome's* sacred Head, and *Rome's* Supremacy
Is the Worlds true invincible *Alcides* :

Those fabulous Wonders Story once did give
To that feign'd Hero, in our Greatness live.
Error's black Sink is that Augean Stable
Which *Rome's* Divinity can only cleanse.

The growling Pagan and Fanatick Snarler,
The vanquish'd Dogs of Hell, the numerous Heads
Of Schism and Heresie, the conquer'd *Hydra* ;
And when

We the rank Blood of Heretick Monarchs spill,
'Tis then, 'tis then

We the true Nemæan Monsters kill :

When to summ all, to our sole charge is given

The absolute Trust, and the whole weight of Heaven,

The wearied *Atlas* we alone supply,

And on *Rome's* Neck rests the supported Sky. *(The Scene Ends.)*

Finit Actus Secundus

A C T.

A C T III

Pope, Lorenzo, Amiran.

Pope **T**Hou look'st as if thou wouldst survey my Pomp,
How dost thou like the Port our Greatness bears?

Do we not play the Royal Masquerader nobly?

Lor. Above all admiration. Wonder it self
Must want a Tongue to praise you to the Life;
And Time that eats up Monuments, wants Power
To bound your deathless Fame.

Pope, I thank thee, honest Flatterer.

Lor. But, Madam,

You know I've loved you almost two whole Years;
Yet what's most wondrous, even in your embraces,
Am ignorant what Goddess I enjoy.

I've seen but the last Page of your great life;
The miraculous cause of your Sexes Transformation;

Your setting out in your prodigious Race;

And the first mover of your Orb of Glory.

You have conceal'd from your poor Loyal Slave

Why thus reserv'd, or why reserv'd to me?

Be kind at last, and satisfy my long

Just curiosity. Come bless my Ears,

And let me read the mighty Volume through;

Not that I care three Drachmas for the Story,

Only I'd seem impertinently kind,

And buz about the Ears of what I am weary of

To hide my Passion for the Saxon Dutchess:

Perhaps indeed the Story may have Love in't,

And that has kept it from my longing Ears;

Alas, I am sensible you never came

A Virgin to my Arms; and you may safely

And boldly own my happy Predecessors.

I can't be jealous of forsaken Rivals;

Since now you're only mine.

Pope, Well, my Lorenzo,

Thou hast conquer'd me. Attend, and glut thy wonder.

Know I was born at *Mentz* in *Germany*,

My Virgin Name *Joanna Anglica*,

My Quality Noble, and my Fortunes ample,

My Beauty dazzling; and to crown all these,

My Soul was brighter than the Shrine that held it.

Heaven

Heaven gave me those prodigious depths of knowledge,
That infinite Mass of Sense, that with disdain
I left my native barbarous *Country*,
To search the Treasures of the learned *Athenians*.

Lor. These Virtues mark'd you out your Sexes wonder.

Pope. Yes, I already seem'd design'd for Greatness;
As many Languages as *Rome's* proud Hills
My Virgin Nonage spoke. As many Arts and Sciences
As the famed Stagyrte studied to inspire *Aristotle* and
The Conqueror of the Universe, were mine. *Alexander*.
So far I fathom'd into Books; Men, Manners, and
Reason, Religions; I could take all Forms;
The perfect Christian, or complete Philosopher;
Could give the Earth and the Heavens first Foundation
To Nature, or to Nature's God at pleasure;
Dispute on both sides, and on both sides vanquish;
So fair I stood for the World's awful Thunderer,
Wits Goddess from my Brain already born.

Lor. Your Story breeds amazement and delight.

Pope. Thus far for a Scholar
Now for a Traveller. *Athen's* I left
To pay a visit to her younger, but
Her fairer, and her prouder Sister *Rome*.
And thence
I pass'd through *Italy*, *Spain*, *France*, *Germany*.
Thus far I kept my Virgin Whiteness fair,
Not but I had all
That high Spring Tide within my youthful Veins
That bursts the Adamantine Walls of Honour,
And makes that Breach where Love and Ruine enter.
But 'twas my Pride preserv'd my guarded Innocence
Who yields to Love, makes but vain man her Lord;
And I who had studied all the greater Globe,
Scorn'd to be Vassal to the lesser World.

Lor. But did that Pride continue?

Pope. No, *Lorenzo*,
The Fort was storm'd, and my proud Heart surrender'd.
My Virgin-Spoils were the great Duke of *Saxony's*.

Lor. How, this young Prince's Father? were you both
His Mistress, and his Confessor?

Pope. Attend me,
And hear the wondrous tale. For two long Years
I lived a Lady in the Saxon Court,
And the Dukes private Mistress, undiscovered

Both by his Dutcheſs, that ſharp watchful *Jane*,
 And this young Prince, that ſubtle *Mercutio*,
 During this ſpace, by my curſ'd Sexes Fate,
 That doats on its deſtruction, my fond kindneſs
 Daily increas'd, grew to that height, till Time
 Had blown a Spark into a Conflagration.
 On th'other ſide, this falſe ingrateful Duke's
 Declining Love decreas'd as faſt;
 Degenerated to that monſtrous Coldneſs,
 Till like the North, he froze before my Sun.

Lor. This Inhumanity was more than barbarous.

Pope. And I rewarded him like a Barbarian.
 At laſt my Patience, Reaſon, Kindneſs, all
 Tired out, my ſlighted Love at length converted
 To the moſt mortal hate, rage and revenge.
 'Twas then I left his Court.

Lor. Bravely reſolved!

Pope. And weary of my own deteſted ſhape,
 I took the habit of a Man, and entred
 Ith' Order of the Benedictine Monks.

Page. But why a Monk? Why not a Nunnery?
 That laſt retreat of all diſtreſſed Sinners.
 Where the poor Nymph flies her falſe Shepherd's Arms,
 Mourns her neglected Sighs, and fading Charms.
 To a Church-Anthem tunes, her tender Cries;
 Whiſt like th'expiring Swan ſhe ſings and dies.

Lor. Yes, Madam, why not to a Nunnery?

Pope. No; that had been t'have publiſh'd my deſpair,
 And given th'insulting Duke too great a Triumph.
 Beſides a Priſt was th'Engine for my vengeance.
 Thus mask'd and throw'd in his borrowed Ruſlet,
 Back to the Court I went, in hopes, if poſſible
 To trace the haunts of that perſidious Duke,
 And learn the fatal Face that had deſtroyed me.
 For well I feared ſome interpoſing Miſtreſs
 Had been the Cauſe of my eclipsing Luſtre;
 And mark how Fortune proſper'd my Deſign.
 It happen'd the Dukes Ghoully Father died;
 And I by my kind Stars, ſtruck in,
 And was moſt fortunately made his Succeſſor.

Lor. Moſt admirable!

Pope. Thus by being his Confeſſor,
 His boſom, and his Soul was all my own.
 My long Prophetick Fears prov'd but too true;
 A Beauteous Saxon Lady, call'd *Leonora*,

Was

Was the curst Ravisher of all my Joys.

Lor. But could you keep your Person and your Voice
Still undiscoverd?

Pope. Oh, an absolute *Proteus*!
Bore my Disguise so well.—In short, his Love
To this new Face, unlike my harder Fate,
Took every day new Fire, out-ran all Bounds,
And flow'd as fast as e'er it ebb'd to Me.
Whilst I by being his Priest, his Conscience Confident,
Was Bawl'd to that Intrigue that had undone Me.
This swell'd my Gall into the rankest Malice,
And made my Blood ferment into a Fury.
And then I laid the Plot for his Destruction.
In the Duke's Name I held a Correspondence
With *Damascus* the German Heretick.

Lor. In the Dukes Name? Was not the Duke himself
In the Conspiracy?

Pope. By *Jove*, not he.

Lor. Was that your mighty Cause before the Conclave?—

Pope. Cheat, Artifice, all Trick. The Duke, poor Man,
Knew not one Syllable of the Confederacy.
I treated with the German, promls'd him
In the Dukes Name, Rebellions, Mutinies,
To break the Roman Yoke, renounce the Pope,
And draw all Saxony to the Revolt.
I was the Prince's private Secretary,
I writ all Letters, order'd all Returns
To be directed to my hand, his Letters
To th' Duke inclos'd in mine; and thus I gain'd
The nicest Point of the exquisite Treason.
At last to consummate my full Revenge,
I fairly poyson'd him.

Lor. Beyond all President!
Never was slighted Lady so revenged,
Or a lost Game so play'd.

Pope. 'Twas great, 'twas excellent.
And the Success rewards me with a Diadem.
What nobler Heights, or what sublimer Glories
Than what Revenge and Treason have atchieved?
Did not the Superstitious Ancients give
Their universal Godhead to a Traytor?
When deposed *Saturn* from his Seat was driven,
Jove, the proud Rebel, seiz'd the Throne of Heaven.

Enter Saxony, led in by Officers.

Lor. To my fair Prisoner. This blest hour's my own. [Exit.]

Pope. Saxon, I sent for thee to let thee know,
Thy Blasphemies have pierc'd th'Eternal Ear;
Thy loud licentious Tongue gainst Us and Our
Unspotted Church, our ever holy Mother
Would justly thrust thee, a rebellious Son,
For ever banish'd from the Realm of Bliss;
Did not our Royal interposing Mercy
Step in between thy angry God and thee.

Sax. Gyantick Arrogance! Match me this Pride, [Aside.]
Since his first proud Original, the great Lucifer
Led his bright Host against th'immortal Throne.

Pope. But Saxony, Peace and Safety wall thee round,
Heavens and Our Pardon on thy Knees implored,
We and our injured Church vouchsafe to look
With Eyes of Pity, open our sealed Gates
To a repenting Fugitive, restore
Thy forfeit Crown, and no less forfeit Soul.

Sax. And would the gilded Pageantry of Rome,
That upstart Idol call'd a Pope,
Make the great Duke of Saxony
Crouch like a Slave, and bend his abject knee
To his Royal Father's Murderer?

Pope. How, bold Blasphemer!

Sax. Yes, bolder Poysoner, to my Father's Traitor.
But dares thy Baseness think the Souls of Princes;
Form'd of that Indian Mold to kneel to Devils?

Pope. Ha!

Sax. Look big, strut on, yes, base-born Greatness, do;
Like the black Prince of th' Air, o'erlook the world beneath thee.
But let thy Conscience tell thy vaunting Pride,
That thinks it self the Cedar of the Grove,
That thou art only a rank Church-yard Cypress,
Rooted and planted among Tombs and Charnels,
You suck'd your Verdure from my Father's Grave.
A Princes Murder rais'd you to your Throne,
And paid a Traytor's wages with a Crown.

Pope. Audacious Impudence! Poor crawling Insect!
But I am too tame, and shame the Throne that holds me;
I tell thee, Saxony, thou shalt groan in Chains.

Sax. I tell thee, Priest, thou liest, I scorn to groan.
Load me with Shackles, torture me with Racks,
As numberless as are thy Crimes, rank Prelate,
And know to the confusion of thy Pride,

My Body is as hard as is thy Conscience,
And scorns to groan as much as thou.

Pope. Silence his Outrage in a Jayl, away with him.

Sax. A Jayl! Stay Slaves, usurping Tyrant, tell me
By what Authority the Power of *Rome*
Commands the Fortunes, Crowns and Lives of Princes.
And thou that fally stilest thy self a Church-man,
Darest break a Sacrament of Heaven, divorce
The sacred Partner of my Joys and Me?

Pope. The Lives and Crowns of Princes, what are they,
But the Creation of our Breath? Shall we,
Who from immediate Heaven deriv'd, have right
To make or unmake Saints, want Power t'enthone
Or depose Kings, dispose of Crowns above,
And yet not place 'em here; command Eternity,
And have Mortality controul us?
But do I talk, like a descending God,
Stoop to converse with poor and humble Dust?
Dull Slaves away.

Sax. Yet stay, descending God,
And hear what Altar I intend to build thee.
If 'tis decreed my short-liv'd Blaze of Glory,
A martyr'd Princes Life like a poor Taper
Must be puffed out by that base poysonous blast,
That vengeance which my fetter'd Arms want power
To give, I will entail upon my Heirs.
Now by my Royal murder'd Father's Blood,
Whose each least drop out-weighs thy Soul, lewd Priest,
He is a Bastard to the Blood of *Saxony*,
That shall not cross himself but at thy Name
With greater dread than to face an Host of Devils;
And in each Morning-Legany he makes,
He shall place thee before Wars, Plagues and Famines;
Whilst his each Bead that drops a Prayer to Heaven,
Shall blend a Curse to thee. Nay, you shall hear me.

Pope. Ye Gods, his Father's Shape, his Face, his Meen. [*Aside.*]

Sax. By Heavens, the very Girls through all my *Saxony*,
That have no weapons above their Needles,
Shall in revenge of thy detested Name,
Limb that curst Head in their embroydered Toys,
And execute that Monster in Effigie.

Pope. His Father's Spirit too! Gods! with what courage [*Aside.*]
He stems that Torrent that he knows can drown him?
'Tis bold, 'tis bravely bold. Where am I going?

Sax. Nay, by my Soul, I will bequeath my Dukedom
To Painters and Engravers to revenge me
There's not that humblest Roof in all the Principality
Of *Saxony*, that shall not have thy face
Drawn to the life in Hell. Nay, every Portal
To a Stable, or a Jakes
Shall have thy Picture drawn upon a Gibbet.

Pope. Remove that frantick Railer from our presence,
And lodge the feeble Snarler in a Dungeon.

Oh stay my fluttering Soul.

[*Aside.*

Sax. Yes, Fire and Fagot, Priest, to a Dungeon:

Remove me from that Gorgon Pope,
That fiery scorching Dog-star of the world,
His Pestilential Air's too hot to breath in. (*Exit, forced out by*

Manent only the Pope and Page. the Officers..

Pope. How dost thou like this fierce, this Hectoring Duke?

Methinks he stands my Rage like a *Corinthian*
Colossus, bears his Brow high as that Cloud
That thunders round his Head, and his unshaken Feet
O'er-stride a Tempest, and a Sea beneath him.
Is he not bold, is he not truly brave?

Page. Bolder and braver than a dying Saint,
And no less constant. So th'undaunted Martyr
Smiles at the Stake, and triumphs in the Fire,
Whilst his high Cause does his great Soul inspire.
If I may speak my thoughts of him,
I like him better than his Fate.

Pope. Oh Girl, thou hast touch'd me to the very heart
His Father's Courage, Form, his Father all;
Those very eyes that stabb'd my Virgin-Soul.
Oh *Amiran*, thy Mistress is undone.
I killd the Father, and now now love the Son.

Page. How Madam!

Pope. Gorg'd with the Fountain, for the Stream I thirst.
And teeming with th'unnatural Monster, burst. (*Exit.*

Page. Where will this end? If she goes on, this strange
And monstrous Fever can't but end in Ruine.

Oh *Saxony*, if thou hast such powerful Charms,
Thy Eyes thy Father's Vengeance will pursue,
And act what thy weak Arm could never do. (*Exit.*

Enter Pope alone.

Pope. How am I lost in my impossible
Desires? I die for the Duke of *Saxony*;
Die for that very man of th' whole Creation,
That in my case my fatal Circumstances

[*With*

With all the mighty solid Bars between us,
 I with less ease or hope can think to enjoy,
 Than I could take a Lodging with a Salamander.
 Suppose his Virtues stood not in my way;
 But like his Father's were as weak and ealie
 To be subdued; yet I of all my Sex
 For ever must despair: Through all disguises
 He'll track the Features of his Father's Poysoner.
 But grant it possible I could deceive him,
 Can I deceive my old Domestick Jaylor
 Lorenzo, that state Rifer of my pleasures?
 The very man, who when I stoop'd to make him
 Slave to my Lust, at the same hour I made him
 Lord of my Life: on both sides I am undone,
 I starve at shore, and if I launch, I drown.

Enter Lorenzo and Angeline.

What have we here?

(Absconding.)

Angel. Because my cruel Stars think fit to make
 My Lord and Me your Tyrant Master's prey;
 Because our Lives and Crowns the dross of Princes
 A prophane hand may reach, dare you presume,
 Audacious Slave, to think my Soul your prize,
 And talk of Love to me?

Lor. Madam, I know
 Our infinite distance, own your higher Sphere.
 Yet Slaves may barter with an Emperor,
 And sell a Jewel to adorn a Crown;
 Madam, I do not ask your Love for Love;
 I bring a price to purchase your Affection,
 Would buy your Favour with your Husband's Life.

Ang. My Husband's Life!

Lor. Yes, Madam,

Pope. Excellent.

(Aside.)

Lor. You know my Interest in his Holiness:

'Tis in my power to re-instal your Lord
 In all his Glories; bribe me with your Love,
 And by all that Heaven which those warm smiles can give,
 I'll burst his Chains, dispel his gloomy Fate,
 Present him with his Liberty and Crown.

Ang. And dares the Hell-hound breath this Blasphemy?
 No; execute your savage Tyrants doom;
 And lay that Royal Pile of Majesty
 Low as the Dust. Better my Princely Lord
 With all the Loads of Shame and Racks should die,
 Than the least Spot should stain his Princess heart.

Lor.

Lor. Horror and Death! *Discovering the Pope's*
Retire sweet Excellence, *First Angelling her, and locks her*
All shall be well, all shall be safe. *into another Room.*

Pope. So my brisk Youth, I see my Favours have not
Been thrown away upon you; you've improv'd
Your Manhood, and the rich Court-pasture
Agrees with your warm Blood.

Lor. Curst Accident!
Now could I swear and lie, but to what purpose?
She has caught me in my Villany.

Pope. Why so profound a silence? Have her Charms
And your new Extasies quite struck you dumb.

Lor. Madam, t'abuse you, and deny or lessen
Offences, would be to increase their Guilt.
And not t'incur that blame, forgive me when I tell you,
By your command I seiz'd that beauteous prize,
And she has made Reprizals of my Heart.

Pope. Oh black ingratitude! Have I advanced
This low-born Infidel, prefer'd him, loved him,
Only to nurse a Traitor?

Lor. Why a Traitor?
I own your favours all; own 'em with Reverence,
And like the grateful *Persian*, I adore
That Sun that lighted and warm'd me into Life;
Yet Man's but Man; and though our humane Breasts
Are fill'd; fill'd up with Honour, Gratitude,
Devotion, all those manly, massie Virtues,
Yet Love's that strange Mercurial part of Souls,
It subt'ly creeps through all, and glides through every pore.—
And I should play the Hypocrite not to own
I sigh and die for that illustrious Face.

Pope. Oh, you're an Artift at a treacherous Argument.
But by my Glory, by that powerful Glory
That first exhal'd thee from thy humble Earth,
And rais'd thee up into a shining Meteor,
I'll lay thee in thy native Dirt.

Lor. How, Madam?

Pope. By all my hopes I'll do't.

Lor. Do if you dare

Pope. Do you think to fright me? Yes, mistaken Slave,
I will disrobe you of your shining Plumes.

Lor. Yes, do, Majestick Vanity; soar like
The Bird of *Jove*, keep on your Airy Flight;
But know

High as you are, there's a vast Gulph beneath you: I am

I am the Wax cements your borrow'd Wings,
And when you melt me off, you sink and drown.

Pope. Then you'll betray me. Are we brav'd and Hector'd,
And shall that hold my Daftard Arm?
Sink Honour, Power, Life, Greatness, perish all:
I'll be reveng'd or die. Who waits there?
There seize that Rebel.

Enter Attendants. (They seize him.)
Lor. And dare you put in action what you threaten?

Pope. You see I dare.

Lor. Bid 'em withdraw.

Pope. Withdraw.

(Exit Attendants.)

Lor. Thus low I own your sacred vengeance just.

But Mercy is the noblest Attribute

Where Beauty's the Divinity. And Madam,

Can you forgive me?

Pope. Can you first remember

How I have loved you?

I had a little Beauty to endear you;

Love I have had infinite, and Truth unspeakable.

And to all these

The Princely Fortunes of a Roman Prelate,

T'exhaust in our Delights, and to sum all

My Royal Bounties in one word;

My Traitor shares my Crown; yet not these Bonds can hold you.

Lor. Oh, Madam, you reproach my infidelity

So well, you make my wandring Eyes look inwards,

And view my hated Guilt with shame and horror.

Pope. All other yielding Ladies only hazard

A little Fame, and meet their happy Lovers

On Beds of Down, but I have done more for you,

Have hazarded my Honour and my Head;

For with my Sex I trust you with my Life:

And can you play the Traitor to such Love,

T'a Heart so generous, and so true?

Lor. No more.

From this blest hour I'll loath that fair Inchantress,

View her bright Tresses as the Snakes of Furies,

And come a perfect Convert to these Arms.

Pope. Now you are good.

Lor. I'll thus the dangerous Quickstand,

Steer'd by these Eyes, shall all my Streamers flie:

And as

The wandering Voyager come safe to Shore,

Pays his best Thanks to Heaven for his Return.

All

All my Loves Incense to this Saint shall burn.

Pope. And will you love me still?

Lor. Not *Cæsar's* Spoils;

Not *Alexander's* World shall shake my Faith;

Not the bright Ruler of the Day,

Should he resign the Chariot of the Sun,

Shall bribe one Thought astray.

Pope. You make most wonderful large Promises;

But can you keep 'em?

Lor. Can you doubt me now?

Pope. But Sir, the time may come.

When you shall think me old.

Lor. Oh never.

Pope. Yes.

The time will come when in your restless thoughts

You will look back on what I have made you lose,

Then cry you've had me long: Time and Enjoyment

Have worn the Pleasure dull. But could I,

Could I forgo the charming *Angeline*.

Lor. Why this unkind suspicion?

Pope. Well, I'll be generous, and believe your heart

Securely mine. Yet this I am bound to say,

I ought a little to excuse your frailty,

When you had such a Conqueror. Envy it self

Must own her fair, fair to a Miracle.

A Prodigy of Beauty.

Lor. Yes indeed.

She's very fair.

Pope. No wonder now that the loud spreading glory

Of the incomparable *Angeline*,

The far fam'd *Roman* Princess charm'd her Duke

From out his distant *Germany*. A Cause

Enough to have fired a second *Hannibal*

O'er the cold *Alpes*, when *Rome* had such a prize.

Yet stay——

I should be loath to draw her Picture

Above the Life. *Lorenzo*, prethee tell Me,

I think I do not flatter.

Lor. Truly, Madam,

Not much.

Pope. No; she's the Mistress of those vast perfections,

As Nature ne'er design'd for common Conquests:

Methinks I could walk o'er that ample Field of Beauty,

Survey her all, then tell me she has a Brow

All Majesty, and yet withal so full

Of

Of innocent sweetness, that methinks her Looks
Darting through th' awful Glories of her Eyes
Smile like an Infant in an Angel's Bosom.

Lor. What divine Musick's this ? [Aside.]

Pope. Then she has an Eye
So sparkling as might charm an Anchorit :
In his cold Cell even Age it self inspire,
And his starv'd Veins ferment into a Fire.
And she has a Meer—

Lor. Oh hold, my wounds are fresh,
And my distemper'd Soul but newly heal'd :
And if you still pursue this dangerous Theme,
I shall relapse into my burning Fever,
And light th'unhallow'd dying Fires again.

Pope. To count up all her Charms, she has a Beauty
Enough t' attract all Eyes, all Hearts,
Exhal'd like Morning-Dew before the Sun.

Lor. Madam, no more, you've talk'd till I'm undone.

Pope. Yes, have we so ; now where's your high-flown Raptures ?
Not the bright Ruler of the Day
Should he resign the Chariot of the Sun—

Lor. Yet stop.

Popk. Now Vows, now Faith, where are you ? where's
Your *Cæsar's* Spoils, and *Alexander's* World
That could not bribe one thought astray ?

Lor. Dear Madam, *what* *will* *you* *say* *to* *me* *now* *that* *I* *am* *in* *this* *state* *of* *affairs* *?*
If you have pity, hold.

Pope. Nay, you shall hear me.
Oh unexampled Perjury ! But now
Attend, and listen to your punishment.

Lor. Be merciful.

Pope. You shall enjoy this Princess.

Lor. How Madam ?

Pope. By my life you shall enjoy her.
Nay, do not start ; know I have only acted
The seeming Thunderer, and wrought you up
To all this full confession of your Falshood,
Have made this Trial of your Faith to find you
That very thing my ravish'd Soul could wish you :
For now I dare with greater boldness tell you,
I love her Lord, love the great Duke of Saxony
With fiercer Fires, than you his charming Duchess.
And when I give you leave to obtain your wishes,
You must be just, and aid me to crown mine. ;

Lor. Are you in Earnest ?

F

Pope.

Pope. By my Royalty I am
 Stern on, and conquer, melt her frozen Virtue,
 And love and surfeit like a reveling God.

Lor. Let me embrace your Kneets.

What can I do to pay you for this kindness?

I am too tardy in my Gratitude :

Say, shall I bring the Saxon to your Bed
 By *Jupiter* I'll drag him to your Arms,

And when your riotous Love, like a keen Eagle,
 Has soared so long, till one dull Quarry tires you,

Chuse out fresh Game, new Youth, new Veins to please you :

Survey your *Rome*, look round your ample world,

Mark out that face that you design for Sacrifice,

By Heaven's bright Throne 'tis yours.

Pope. Thanks, dear *Liberto*,

This is extremely kind. But, oh! I love

Where all Attempts, and even all Hopes are vain.

My Wings are pinnion'd, and my Feet are chain'd,

And the broad Gulf between us is unpassable.

Lor. Madam, 'tis true, you've a hard Game to play :

But don't despair : for methinks there's something

Prophetic in my working Soul that tells me

I shall do wonders in your Cause, when *Angeline*

Is my Reward ; and when my active Brains

Has form'd that great *Minerva* (for, by Heavens

He must and shall be yours ;) know, Madam,

I'll bring you to his Arms with as much pleasure

As ever I received you in my own.

Pope. Why, this is as it should be. Why should we

Who've loved and loved till we have pall'd our Appetites,

Drawn off Love's Nectar to the dregs, be Slaves

To senseless Constancy ? Give me a loose

In Pleasures uncontrouled, unlimited

As Ocean Tides, whose wanton Billows roar,

Rove, and roll on to the World's utmost Shore,

These, these are my Principles.

Lor. By Heavens, and mine.

Pope. Give me your Hand, henceforward let our Wills

Admit no Bounds, our Pleasures no controul :

In our delights let old *Rome's* Glory shine,

Thou the brisk *Terquin*, the wanton *Adelphus*,

Thou the brisk *Terquin*, the wanton *Adelphus*,

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Thou the brisk *Terquin*, the wanton *Adelphus*,

*The Scene a Prison, which opening, discovers variety of Hereticks in
Hell and Torment.*

Heretick 1. Oh for a Sword, a Dagger through my heart. Oh!

Her. 2. Savage Tormenters, hold; Oh! [*Groans.*]

Her. 3. Barbarian Devils! oh!

Priest. Peace Heretick, or I shall burn that Tongue out.
These lingering Torments are but lent in kindness
To make you for damnation.

Her. 3. Tyrant Monsters.

Priest 1. When your Apostacy from Truth and Heaven
Has light your scorching Souls, you'll find Hell hotter.

Enter the Duke of Saxony, brought in by Officers.

Sax. Where am I brought? T' a Roman Prison? Death!
Is this the Place? Hold, Minister of Horror,
Why all this Cruelty?

Priest 1. Ask when you feel it.

Sax. Bold Slave, is this an answer for a Prince?

Priest 1. Bold Prince, is this a question for a Priest?
A Prince? a Pigney; poor gay Fool, examine
Your Circumstances, and this Place; and then
Ask who's the Slave, dull Dotard, thou or I?

Sax. Traytor, I'll tear thy heart out.

Priest 1. Seize the Mad-man.

[*Offers at him.*
They seize Saxony.]

Nay, do not swagger; if you are so hot,
We'll cool you e'er we part.

Sax. Gods! am I seiz'd
And brav'd by Rascals?

1 Priest. Insolent Earth and Ashes,
Do you know who 'tis we are?

Sax. Yes, Ruffians, wondrous well;
The Popes Edge-tools, the Armour of the Beast;
The Scales and Tail of that huge monstrous Hydra;
And whenso'er his boiling Venom hisses,
You sting and kill: Ye rank infectious Limbs——
But, Gods! that I should stoop to scold with Villains!
Patience, if ever thou wert a Royal Virtue,
Keep in my Gall, and make my Rage burn inwards.

2 Priest. Bold Lord, you take a wondrous Privilege,
To talk thus rudely

To the Masters of your Fate. Think where you stand.

Sax. Yes, Priest, in the Popes Shambles;
Yes, I am snared; now, Pope, thou hast me fast:
The scorn of Fortune, and the sport of Villains.
So when the Princely Lion's in the Toil,
Each Cur dares bark at him.

Enter Lorenzo.
What makes him here? How! new Tormenters still!

Lor. No Royal Sir. — Leave us alone. *(Exit all but Sax.)*

Sax. What now! *Sax. and Lor.*

Speak, what new Storm? this Monster ne'er fails by,
But where the stream runs Blood.

Lor. No more that Monster.
Behold an humble Penitent at your Feet. *[Kneels.]*
Most injur'd Majesty, my trembling Soul
Droops at your Fate.

Sax. A very excellent Mask!

Lor. Sir, to remove all thoughts
Of such Hypocrisie, — Bring in that Lady.

Angeline is brought in veild; which upon her entrance, she pulls off

Here be as happy as those Charms can make you.

Sax. My sweetest *Angeline*!

Ang. My Lord, my Life! —

Sax. Nay, Sir, talk on; perhaps thou maist be honest,
since these are thy Credentials.

Lor. Yes, my Lord,
I am.

Sax. Indeed thou shouldst be so; for sure
No treacherous hand could make me such a Present:
Yet I have had such wrongs, so much foul Play,
That I mistrust the fairest Cast of Fortune;
And some new Plot may lurk even in these Arms.
Speak; is there Heav'n or Hell within this Circle?
Lor. Heav'n, Sir, if she can give it you. By all
My hopes, I am your Slave; my Tyrant Lord
The Popes Barbarity, and your hard Fortunes, have so perfectly
Converted me, that as an expiation
Of my past Crimes, with hazard of my Life,
I bring this Lady to your Arms.

Ang. Nay, Sir,
If there be Truth in Oaths, he has sworn so heartily,
That sure this pleasing Vision must be true.

Lor. I must be brief; there's danger in my stay.
Know then, the cruel Pope, my much loath'd Master,
Continues still almost inexorable;
Yet though you are lodg'd within this dismal Scene
Of Tyranny, I have prevail'd so far,
That no Barbarity to your Royal Person
Shall here be offered you: Your Freedom only
Denied; and that's not in my pow'r to give:

And

And yet in time I hope t'obtain that too.
 For by my Soul, if all my Art and Interest
 Can serve you, I'll restore your clouded Brightness
 To all its Lustre : and that too, without .
 Your least submission t'an unprincely thought,
 Below the honour of the Duke of Saxony.

Sax. Let me embrace this Miracle of Goodness.

This is so strangely kind !

Enter Amiran.

Amir. Oh, Sir, take heed !

A general Murmur runs thro' all the Princes Jaylors,
 To know why you have broken their strict Orders,
 And brought a Lady to their Royal Prisoner.

Ang. And can there be that storm must part us now ?

Lor. Sir, though your Jaylors are too numerous
 To be all brib'd, and Faith in multitudes
 Can never be repos'd ; yet I have found
 One honest Priest amongst them : him I have made mine,
 Made mine by Gold ; and though this fatal place
 To this fair Guest is now forbidden ground,
 And I must take her from you ; yet at night,
 A dark and safer hour,
 By his assistance, through a private door,
 This Page shall bring your Princess to your Bed.
 Alas, this homely Palace does ill sute
 Your Royal Joys ; yet that Love will excuse :
 And no little transport to my Soul,
 That 'tis within my power to make you happy.

Sax. Never did Friendship equal thine ; thou best—

Lor. Nay, Sir, no thanks ; 'tis more than I deserve :
 For the whole study of my Life to serve you,
 Is but th'atonement of my greater guilt.
 But one thing, Sir, I had forgot to tell you :
 Take heed that you are silent in your Loves ;
 For there are many dangerous Ears around you,
 And a discovery may cost
 Your loyal Slave his Head.

Sax. Oh, fear not that.

Lor. We must make haste, our danger calls us hence.

Ang. Farewel, my dearest Lord.

Sax. Till Night, farewell.

Night, did I say ? No, dazzling Brightness, no ;
 Thy Sweets drive Sorrows, Pains, and Shades away :
 And in thy Arms 'tis everlasting Day.

ACT IV.

Enter Lorenzo and Pope. She in her Womans Habit.

Pope. **O**H, I could hug thee for this rare Design.
 Never was Night so pleasant, or a Plot
 So artful, or so prosperous ;
 To draw him in with the false Mask of Friendship,
 Then throw his Lady to him for a Lure,
 And so to make his very Love my Bawd ;
 Bait our false Hook with her bewitching Eyes,
 And burnish o'er our Brass with his own Gold ;
 Then lodge me in his Arms for his own Wife,
 And in her room reap all her Bridal Joys,
 Without even the least shadow of Suspicion
 To damp our fierce Delights. This was a Master-piece.

Lor. Nay, Madam, I have had my Trophies too,
 To have his Duchess led to my own Bed ;
 Lodg'd there in expectation of her Lord ;
 With more impatience than a dying Saint
 Waits for his Angel-guide. Then in his place
 T'approach the gloomy Shrine to the true Goddess,
 Tho' the false Worshipper ; then to embrace
 Her pressing Arms, devour her meeting Lips ;
 No Sun so warm, and yet no Shower so melting.

Pope. By all that's excellent,
 No President e'er matcht this Nights Intrigue.
 Never was Love on all sides so performed ;
 Their very Ravishers, their darling Lovers,
 And the kind Sacrifice flew to the fire.
 Oh Love, if ever thou wert blind, 'twas there.

Io. But, Madam, tho' the darkness of the Night
 Deceiv'd his Eye, how did you cheat his Ear ?
 Pray tell me ; for th'Intrigue has been so pleasant,
 That even the Repetition has a Charm in't.

Pope. First then, the kind officious Priestly Jaylor,
 Baited with Gold, like a true generous Pander,
 Stood at the door t'admit my Page and me.
 My Page then led me softly to the Dukes
 Apartment ; but no Tell-tale Taper light us.
 Muff'd and mask'd to his dark Bed I came ;
 His Curtains strait at my approach flew open,
 As I have seen upon a shining Theatre
 The painted Clouds to a descending Venus.

Then

Then strait he graspt me in his burning Arms,
 Whilst in my Ears these eager Accents fell,
 My dearest, gentlest, sweetest *Angelina*,
 But I to shrowd my fatal Syren's voice,
 As if the danger of the place had scared me,
 Streight husht him silent with a trembling Kiss,
 The only Rhetorick these Lips durst make :
 And from that hour we had no room for talking :
 Our only Eloquence was our Delights,
 Whilst our transported Raptures struck us dumb.
 Before the dangerous morning-dawn, the Page
 Return'd to bear me back,
 And I retir'd
 As safely as I came ; left the poor Lord
 So extas'd, the false Angelick Vision
 To his deluded Sense appear'd so fair,
 As left no track to shew the Fiend was there.

Lor. Just my own Scene : no Picture more exact.

Enter Miran.

Pope. Oh my best Girl ! how hast thou left the Duke ?

Miran. Madam, so pleas'd, so strangely pleas'd ; not Glory
 Upon a Head new Crown'd, can sit more chearful
 Than this Nights pleasure on his Heart. His Prison
 He has so forgot, that in his Cage he sings.
 And for my Services, he sweetens me
 With such soft words, and with such tender thanks
 He plac'd this sparkling Diamond on my finger,
 That Treason sure was never so rewarded.

Pope. But how his Dutcheß !

Mir. Much in the same vein.

Only her deeper stream more silent flows :
 She speaks not, but she thinks as much as he.
 Her generous Lord,
 His Gift was Diamonds, but hers were Rubies ;
 She only paid me with a Blush, and left me.

Pope. Well, my *Lorenzo*, this soft Feast of Pleasure
 Has been too full of wonder and delight,
 For the short Riot of one Night to exhaust.
 Let us resolve then to play out the Game
 Like wanton Revellers, glut our fierce desires ;
 And when this old Intrigue grows stale, and tires,
 We'll seek out new.

Lor. Agreed, my Oracle.

Pope. Saxon, to night,
 Once more thy *Venus* in her Cloud descends :

Oh

Oh for a Bowl of *Cleopatra's* Philter,
 To heighten our next meeting Joys.
 How bravely did the wise *Egyptian* Dame
 Dissolve a Kingdom's Ransom in a Pearl,
 To treat her Darling *Anthony*, t'inspire
 To his drain'd Veins new Life, and unknown Fire?
 Oh, *Egypt's* glorious Queen!
 Shall I less active be? My Blood's as warm,
 And I am as brisk, as young and proud as she.
 Cells, Cloysters, Covents, Altars, Temples, Shrines,
 With their vast hoards, are all my Golden-Mines.
 Nay, to sum all *Rome's* infinite Mass in one,
 All the mad Zeal of the blind World's our own.
 These shall my Riots, these my Pomp supply;
 Shall I want Love, who have all this Wealth to buy?

Lor. This is so glorious, so divinely great,
 Old *Rome* ne'er Deif'd, nor the new *Rome*
 E'er Canoniz'd a Heroine more illustrious.

Pope. If the cold Bones of a dull Roman Saint
 Can sleep in Treasures, whilst his senseless Marble
 Sweats in embroider'd Gems and molten Gold,
 Shall my warm Bed and warmer Lovers want it?
 No.

I'll melt the Crown from the gilt Martyr's Head,
 And ransack even his Tomb t'adorn my Bed.
 I'll rifle Saints to make my Lovers shine,
 And steal from Heav'n to make the Joy divine.
 Lovers, by *Lucifer*, I'll not want one day,
 Whilst the rich Church shall both procure and pay.

Lor. Most excellent!

Pope. Now could I laugh at those
 Dull pious dying Fools, who in despair
 To buy Eternity, make the Church their Heir.
 The Bigot Fools are kind in a good hour;
 There's nothing like a Pope for an Executor.
 True, the poor Slaves die Saints, so let 'em die,
 Whilst we enjoy the Paradise they buy;
 Leaving that Wealth which we in Lust consume,
 They are Profelites to Heaven, but Bawds to *Rome*.

[*Exeunt.*]

The Scene changes to the Prison.

Two Hericks.

1 *Her. Bernardo!*

2 *Her.* Ha! More Priests, more Torturers! Oh!

3 *Her.* H't, I am a Friend.

2 *Her.* A Friend to poor *Bernardo*!

Nay

Nay, then thou art a wretched thing indeed :
For nought but misery dares link with me.

1 *Her.* Indeed thou art i'th' right. No wonder nothing,
But Cruelty and Torments fill this place ;
For here Religion reigns, that pious Cormorant ;
Religion, that devouring Savage reigns :
Yes, we are Hereticks.

Those bugbear monstrous things, design'd for slaughter ;
All other lesser Crimes *Rome* can forgive ,
As Whoredoms, Thefts, Rapes, Murders ! (alas,
They are petty venial sins.) Does not the Bawd
Keep open shop in *Rome*, pays but her yearly Toll
To's Holiness's sacred Treasury ,
And takes a License for the Trade she holds ? *
The bloody Murderer runs but to a Church ,
And 'tis his Sanctuary ; the Gates lie open ,
While the generous Priest, like his kind Guardian Saint ,
Views the fresh Scarlet on the Cut-throats face ,
And hugs his darling Brother. But poor Heresie ,
That mortal, capital, unpardonable, crying sin ,
Must never be forgotten: *Rome's* Jayls, and Dungeons ,
Wheels, Wracks; Stakes, Gibbets, are for Hereticks made.

2 *Her.* Now by my starving Veins and aking Bones ,
How faithfully thou play'st the Painter.

1 *Her.* What think'st thou of a Pope ?

2 *Her.* Why he's a Horse-leech

Without a tail ; the Blood he sucks, runs through him :
He sucks and sucks, but never fills. But, Heav'n's !
What was the Crime that brought me to this place ?
'Tis true, I heard a Priest most vilely cant ,
And tell me how by Miracle

A certain Roman Martyr bore his head
Under his arm three miles: And 'cause I could not
Believe him, but provoked with the rank nauseous fable,
In a most honest hearty bluntness, told him,
The pious Legend lyed ; For that, that only Crime ,
I am condemn'd untried to endless Chains ,
And Torments doom'd, ne'er to see light agen.

1 *Her.* Not to see light agen ! But how if I propos'd
A means for an Escape.

2 *Her.* For an Escape !

1 *Her.* But 'tis with wondrous hazard, infinite danger——

2 *Her.* Danger ! no matter : Bring me to a Lottery
But with one Chance for Liberty ,
Tho to ten Blanks, and every one for death ,
'd thrust my hand into the fatal Pile

As cheerfully as Misers grasp their Gold.

1. *Her.* Know then, by a Conspiracy betwixt
Some of our fellow-sufferers, this night,
This dead dark hour, the Prison's to be fired—

2. *Her.* Most excellent !

1. *Her.* And by this happy Plot.
'Tis possible some of us may escape:
At worst, we can but burn ; and better end
A life at once, then to lie here immured,
Preserv'd for Wracks, and kept an Age in dying.
Bernardo, look, yon dauncing streaks of light
Tell us the happy Train has taken fire.

2. *Her.* Let us retire and wait the blessed minute.
Shine out, bright Sun of comfort ; either save
Our wretch'd lives, or light us to a grave.

Exeunt.

*The third Scene is the Duke of Saxony's Bedchamber
within the Prison.*

Enter Saxony in his Night-gown, as newly risen from Bed.

Sax. Good Heav'n ! what misty damp disturbs my sleep ?
Sulphur and Pitch ? What poisonous smoaky stench
Offends my aking Eyes ?

Within. Fire ! fire ! fire !

Sax. Horror and Death ! the place is all on fire !
Awake, my *Angeline*, look up, and see
Danger and Death surround us.

Within. Fire ! fire ! fire !

Pop. [*Starting out of bed.*]

Hell and Perdition ! what misfortune's here !

Sax. By Heav'n's, we are almost circled in with flames !
And the doors lockt, fast barr'd.

Knocking to get out.

Jaylours, Priests, Torturers !

Open the door, make haste, or we shall perish.

Within. (*From several voices.*)

1. Fire !

2. Plots and Treason !

3. Bar the Gates : secure

The Prisoners, let 'em burn, rather than flee.

Sax. The Flames increase, and we are pent in with Ruine:
Unlockt the door ; deal harden'd Devils, hear us.
Open the door, make hast, or else we die.

Knocking.

Within. Die, and be damn'd.

2. Fire ! Water !

Sax. Oh my dear *Angeline*, we are betray'd :
A strange prophetick horror tells my Soul
That we are mew'd up for sacrifice.

The

The Ghost of the old Duke of Saxony rises with a burning Taper in his hand.

Look, look !

Here the Ghost with his Taper touches a train of fire above him, which immediately writes upon the Wall, in Capital letters in a blaudy fire, the word MURDER; which continues burning some time.

My *Angeline*, my Royal Father's Ghost !

See Murder, Murder ! Oh the voice of Bloud !

Stay, stay, thou Royal Harbinger of Fate

The Ghost sinks.

Oh, *Angeline*, the hand of Heaven's against us.

Pope. Adored dear Devil, save me but this once. (*aside.*) *knels.*

Sax. That murder'd sleeping Shade wakes from Deaths arms

To call us to his own untimely Grave.

Now, *Pope*, thou and thy black Colleagues of Hell,
Compleat their impious Vengeance.

Pope. By all that's damn'd, I am lost : This Messenger
Of Hell was sent for me.

Cut off thus early ! Oh the senseless Devil,

Thus to play Booty 'gainst himself !

Mistaken, dull infernal fools, I have not yet
Sate long enough on *Rome's* Imperial Throne

To do you half the service of a *Pope*.

Sax. Witness, good Heav'n, for my own life I fear not ;

But thy hard fate torments, my bleeding Soul.

If we must burn , thus arm in arm we'll die.

Embracing.

Speak to thy Love ; why speaks not my dear *Angeline* ?

There needs no silence in our Kisses now.

Pope. Ruin'd ! betray'd ! undone ! If I but speak ,

He'll find my Screech-owl's voice ; and if he sees me,

He'll know my fatal face, and tear my throat out.

Speak or not speak, I burn, if there be God's

Curse on your blazing Thrones. No Ditch-born Hag

Was ever doom'd to such a fate as I am.

By Hell, I scorch already : Fire and *Aena* !

Traytors, Priests, Monsters. Here open the door. *Knocking.*

Sax. Ha.

Pope. Now could I part with all my Keys of Heav'n,

But for one Picklock to these Iron-bars.

Make haste, ye tardy Dogs, here's Gold to pay you.

Still deaf, ye slaves ! a Jewel worth a Kingdom,

To bribe you for a Key !

Sax. Ravens and Vultures !

Pope. I cannot, dare not burn. Dull drowfie Villains—

(*aside.*)

Sax.

Sax. What art thou? speak, infernal Fiend, what art thou?
seizing her.

Speak, Succubus, what Gibbet hast thou robb'd
 For that loath'd form, to stain my sacred Bed,
 And damn my cheated Soul!

Pope. Inquire no farther;

I will not speak.

Sax. Speak, or I will tear thy Soul out.

Pope. Save your own.

Flic, or we burn.

Enter Priests and Lights.

Sax. By Heav'n's the very form
 Of my dead Father's Poysoner!

1 *Priest.* What's here!

2 *Priest.* A Whore!

3 *Priest.* A Whore!

Sax. Oh, Gentlemen, secure that Hag, that Sorceress;
 The very Witch that light this Fatal Fire,
 And brought the Brand from her own Hell to kindle it.

4 *Priest.* The Lady I had three hundred Crowns to Bawd for,
 And her Protection may be worth three thousand.

1 *Priest.* Take her, and burn the Witch.

Pope. O save me! save me!

4 *Priest.* Hold, Brothers, let me answer for this Lady:
 She is my Mistress and my Charge; and with
 My Blood I'll justify her Innocence.

Pope. Good, pious, honest, tender-hearted Father,
 This Diamond speak my thanks. *Gives him a Ring.*

1 *Priest.* A Bona Roba.

2 *Priest.* One of our Brothers friends! nay, then all's well.

3. *Priest.* An honest Girl of yours; that name Protects her.

Sax. Protect her! how! protect the greatest Traytress
 That ere disgraced a Jayl, or shamed a Gibbet?
 Secure her, seize her.

4 *Priest.* Stop that mad mans mouth;
 I'll stake my life to vindicate this Lady.

1 *Priest.* Enough, enough; fie, let the Lady pass.

2 *Priest.* Madam, your slaves.

3 *Priest.* Make room there for this Lady.

4 *Pope.* Ten thousand Saints reward you for this kindness.

1 *Priest.* We are your Vassals.

*Ushering her to
 the door.*

2 *Priest.* Madam, your faithful Servants.

Pope. Such an Escape, kind Fate — *Exit, led out by her friend*

Sax. Horrour unspeakable! *the fourth Priest.*

What Monster has this night slept in my arms?
 Do I live, speak, move, walk? Is yon your Heav'n,
 Your Earth I tread on, or your Air I breath in?

And

And is this load of Nature Flesh and Blood ?
 Or is it all a Dream, or am I chang'd
 To some incarnate Devil, doom'd to walk
 Deaths burning plains, converse with Imps and Goblins,
 Tread the dark Mazes of eternal night,
 And sleep with Hags and Succubus ?
 Oh the vast Feaver of my burning Blood !
 Some Ocean quench me, or some Mountain swallow me.
 Not Christian slaves, wrapt up in Pitch, and light
 Like burning Tapers to the Savage Nero,
 Not *Hercules* in his invenom'd shirt,
 Nor *Lucifer* at his first plunge in Hell,
 Felt half the Fires my raging Entrails feel.

Exeunt.

The Scene changes to a private Apartment of the Pope.

Enter Pope, Lorenzo, and Amiran.

Pope. Oh my *Lorenzo*, I am undone for ever !

Lor. How, Madam ! Heav'n forbid.

Pope. Sleeping this night

In my dear *Saxons* arms, by some curst accident
 The scene of our delights was set on fire.
 Straight from his Bed the frightened *Saxon* leapt,
 And thunder'd in my Ears, Wake, wake, my *Angelina* !
 Oh'twas a fatal sound ; not the last Trumpet
 Shall wake the Damn'd to greater pains than mine.
 Curst be that hour ; the blazing Fire-brands, like
 A Taper to a wandring Midnight-Ghost,
 Served but to shew the Fiend these Eyes discover'd.

Lor. Discover'd ! Death and Furies.

Pope. Not th'enraged *Oedipus*

Alarm'd from his incestuous Mothers Bed,
 Rav'd half so loud as he. But to sum all,
 The Terroures of this hideous night,
 The ghastly form of the old poyson'd *Saxon*,
 Burst thro' the Marble-floor, and with a Torch
 Dipt in the sulphurous Lake, from whence he rose,
 In distinct Characters of Blood and Fire,
 Writ MURDER in the blazing Roof above us.

Lor. Oh you distract me !

How got you off ? How could you Tcape with life ?

Pope. By Miracle !

Had not the entering Jaylours saved me,
 He had torn my heart out.

Lor. But, dear Madam, tell me :

The Treason was too plain. But do you think

He

He did suspect or guess the real Traytress?
There, there's the fatal point.

Pope. Oh I have but too much reason to believe it;
For at the horreur of these killing Eyes,
He cri'd, the Features of my Fathers Poysoner.
And tho betwixt his wild distracted senses
He left me with the name of Witch, Fiend, Sôrcerefs,
And what else other odd fantastick forms
His wandering Rage could shape; I am not safe.

Lor. No, you are undone: for if he lives, you die;
Should tatling fame but whisper you are a woman,
'Twill make the scorching world too hot to hold you.

Pope. But, my *Lorenzo*, I'll prevent that danger;
For I am resolv'd he dies. Yet, Gods! 'tis hard,
'Tis very hard to kill the man I love;

But if he keeps a tongue, I lose a head.
No, his invenom'd Lungs breath Plagues, and I
Must root his heart up to dislodge that Poyson.
Peace, foolish Love, and be for ever dumb;
I sit on *Rome's* great Throne, a Seat too bright
To hazard for the Pleasures of a Night.

Saxon, thy life I cannot, must not save;
Oh, I must send thee to thy Father's Grave:
For know my Love must be my glories slave.

Lor. Spokelike *Rome's* Monarch! This a Scepter'd hand
And a Crown'd head should be.

Pope. But is it not enough
His Father I have poyson'd stain'd his Bed,
Himself imprison'd, and to stab his Soul,
His dearest Princess thou hast both whor'd and ravish't;
But to all these accumulated Cruelties
I must at last add his own murder too?
Is it not barbarous!

Lor. Death, not at all:
For now you are kind, and put him out of pain.
Besides, your life and Crown's at stake; let that
Inspire your Soul.

Does not th'invading Conquerour that leads
His thousands and his thousands out to battel,
To scale the Walls of some Imperial City,
Fill up a Ditch with his own martyr'd slaves,
To make a Bridge to Glory? If their glory
Can murder thousands, shall yours shrink at one
Poor gasping slave?

Pope. Thou art an excellent Oratour,
I stand confirm'd; but whilst I stay to talk,

Dan-

Danger grows big and terrible.
 Here, *Amiran*, I'll leave the Charge to thee:
 Take these three thousand crowns, and steal 'em into
 The hand of that good conscientious Priest,
 My honest Bawd that saved my threatn'd life,
 Thou mayst act safely for me; for he knows
 Not who, nor whence thou art. Tell him, his business
 Is only to give the mad wilde *Saxon* Duke
 A sober sleeping Pill: He'll understand thee.

Amir. Madam, your great Commands must all be sacred;
 And my whole life's too short for my obedience:
 Yet pardon me when I have one Grace to beg,
 That you'd be pleas'd t'excuse my trembling hand
 From this too cruel office.

Pope. How, my Girl!
 A fit of Conscience! fie, let not that check thee.
 Shrink not to serve me now.
 Do this, and make thine entire for ever.

Amir. Well, Madam, I am your slave.

Pope. Thanks, my kind *Amiran*.
 Make haste, my Girl.

Amir. I flie t'obey you.

Exit Amir.

Pope. So!

Poor *Saxony*, thy Fate rides Post.
 Well, if there's any thing in the airy Dreams
 Of Faith, Religion, Piety,
 Things which poor little unambitious Church-men
 Have nothing else to do but to believe in,
 Whilst we the great and glorious Mitred heads
 Have other work and other game to mind.
 They say that Providence to suffering Innocence,
 Gives Crowns and Paradise. Then, *Saxon*, thou
 Art happy, and I kind; and if Eternity
 Has, to wrong'd Virtue, Constellations given,
 Why should I stick to send the man I love to Heav'n!
 Or why should snarling fools at bloud repine,
 When Death's the Furnace does their Gold refine?
 'Tis Wounds and Death that Heav'n with Stars does paint,
 And the kind Murderer translates the Saint.

Exeunt.

A C T

A C T the Fifth.

*The Scene the Prison.**Amiran alone.*

Amir. **H**ither I come to bring a Sovereign head,
 A Sovereign Cure, a sober sleeping Pill;
 I, that's the word.
 Poor *Saxony*! thy Royal Father murder'd,
 Thy dearest Prince's ravish'd, and to make up
 The most unnatural monst'rous mass of Cruelty,
 Thy Fathers Poysoner, and thy Fathers Whore,
 Lodg'd in thy Bed. Oh thou'rt a true Original
 Of unexampled Misery: No Tragedy
 Ere equal'd thine. Yet after all, this most
 Wrong'd Prince must bleed, and I must be his murderer.
 Oh my faint Arm! Oh my Barbarian Mistress!
 Well, I remember I have serv'd thy Lust,
 My breast the Cabinet to all thy Whoredoms;
 Nay, like an Usurer to the Trust thou hast lent me,
 I've play'd the Bawd t'increase 'em. All these Ills
 I never trembled at; but oh, there's something
 In Murder so beyond a Female Villain.
 As my Soul startles at the thought. But why,
 Why do I play the foolish Crocodile,
 And mourn where I must kill?

Enter Saxony and Carlo.

—Yonder he comes!

Let me retire a while, and borrow strength
 For this dire Execution.

Abconds.

Sax. Oh my wrong'd *Angeline*,
 What have I done? by what Infatuation,
 What damn'd Illusion led, have I a Monster
 Clasp'd to my breast? or has some Rival-God
 In malice to thy happier envy'd Lord,
 Caught thee t'his Heaven t'outshine yon dazzling Stars,
 And left that changeling Demon in my Arms?
 I shall run mad.

Amir. Alas, poor injur'd Prince!

Sax. Tell me, ye Powers Infernal, I conjure you
 By all the Pleasures of Revenge;
 And thou curst Pope, thou greater blacker Devil,
 Tell me by what Inchantments, Spells, Drugs, Minerals,
 That savage Whore you lodg'd within my Arms;

And

And to make up that Monster more than execrable,
Lent her thy own infernal Fate to blast me.

Amir. Oh I can hold no longer ! Ye Gods,
That so much Excellence should be created
For so much Ruine ! Pity, Conscience, Love,
I know not which thou art ; But on the sudden
My dear Resolves are stagger'd.

Sax. Art thou here ?

Oh my young Pandar ! ye kind Powers, I thank you.
Thou unsleight Imp, thou early lighted Brand
Of everlasting Fire, tell me what Fury
Thy impious Hand lodg'd in my Bed last Night ;
Tell me ; for I will know.

Amir. Oh, Sir, no more.

I cannot, must not, will not, dare not tell you.

Sax. Not tell me ? Now by thy own Mother-Hag
That bore thee in a Ditch, fed thee with Scorpions,
Swath'd thee with Adders, suckled thee with Blood,
And dipt thee young in Hell,
Speak quickly, or I'll tear the cursed Secret
From thy impostum'd Heart ; speak, or I'll kill thee.

Amir. Yes, do Sir, and I'll thank you for the kindness ;
For if I speak, I must kill you : and trust me,
I have that sense of your unhappy sufferings,
That I had rather die my self, than be
Your Murderer.

Sax. And art thou then in earnest ?

Come, prithee speak ; I was to blame to chide thee :
Be not afraid ; speak but the fatal Truth,
And by my hopes of Heav'n I will forgive thee.
Out with it, come ; now wouldst thou tell me all,
But art asham'd to own thy self a Bawd :
'Tis that might be thy Father's Fault, not thine.
Perhaps some honest humble Cottage bred thee,
And thy ambitious Parents poorly proud,
For a gay Coat made thee a Page at Court,
And for a Plume of Feathers sold thy Soul ;
But 'tis not yet, not yet too late to save it,

Amir. Oh my sad Heart !

Sax. Come, prithee speak ; let but
A true Confession plead thy Penitence,
And Heav'n will then forgive thee as I do.

Amir. But, Sir, can you resolve to lend an ear
To Sounds so terrible, so full of Fate,
As will not only act a single Tragedy,

But even disjoynt all Natures Harmony,
And quite untune the World? For such, such are
The Notes that I must breath.

Sax. Oh my dear Murderer,
Breath'em as chearfully as the soaring Lark
Wakes the gay Morn. Those dear sweet Airs that kill me,
Are my new Nuptial Songs. My *Angeline*
Has been my first, and Death's my second Bride.

Amir. Know then th'Enchantress that these two last nights
Slept in your Bosom, was your Father's Poysoner.

Sax. Riddles and Death! What mystick Sounds are these?

Amir. That Sorceress that in a borrow'd shape
Usurps *Romes* sacred Throne, was the dire Fiend.

Sax. Ha!

Amir. Oh Sir, I read that Lightning in your eyes
That tells me, I have set your Soul on fire.

Break, break, great heart, thou'rt too much lost to live,
And for the last, the greatest fatal stab;
For I must tell you all. That Lust-burnt Hag
Began her Game with your unhappy Father.

You may remember in the *Saxon Court*,
A fatal Beauty call'd *Joanna Anglica*,
That *Syren* first defil'd your Father's Bed,
And then by Jealousie transform'd t'his Priest,
And by Revenge t'his Murderer, — his Blood,
His Royal Blood she doubly, doubly poyson'd.

Sax. Thunder and Earthquakes!

Amir. And not t'end there neither,
The Bestial Lust of her incestuous Fires

Trac'd your dead Father's Beauties in your Eyes;
And the same Sulphurous Mine that blew his Soul up,
Was light to Sacrifice the Martyr'd Son.

Sax. A Whore, a Poysoner! nay, a Fathers Whore,
And Fathers Poysoner! Oh my bloated Soul!

O most unnatural doubly damn'd *Hyena*,
Mixt in my Fathers Shame! Oh horror, horror!
Oh my vast wrongs, destruction, ruine, death!

Strike thick, ye Darts of Fate. My poor dear *Angeline*,
Ha! Spight of all my pains, that Name has Life in't.

Say, Boy, how fares my *Angeline*? Tho' Millions
Of torturing Furies gore this bleeding Heart,

I know thou'lt say she's well, and lives unhurt,
Sleeps innocent, and in her golden Slumber

She little dreams what numberless Distractions
Surround her wretched Lord.

Amir.

Amir. Alas, Sir!

Sax. Ha!

Amir. The saddest part of all my killing Story

Is yet to come. By the same Stratagem
That has deceiv'd her Lord, was your poor Princess,
By false *Lorenzo's* Lust, enjoy'd and ravish'd.

Sax. Now all the Plagues of him that sold his God,
Reward the execrable Dog. My *Angeline*,
My dearest, sweetest, and once brightest *Angeline*!
Ye Tyrant Powers, ye everlasting Torturers,
That made Mankind for Ruine; end me quickly,
Oh bury me like the rebellious Giants,
Loaded with Mountain-piles, for I shall rave,
Rave to that height, till all my gasping Pangs,
My rowling Tears, and my loud bellowing Groans,
Burst out like Cataracts, enough to deafen
The very Thunder of my angry Gods.
Yet hold, I have some business to dispatch,
Before my Eye-balls burst. Say, Boy, canst thou
Oblige a very wretched thing, and bear
My dying Sighs to that dear martyr'd Innocence?

Amir. My Lord, I can.

Sax. And wilt thou be so kind?

Nay, thou'lt be kinder yet; for thou'rt a Convert,
A gentle honest Boy. But oh too late!
Speak, is it in thy power to bless my Eyes
With one last view of those dear beauteous Ruines,
Before we part and die?

Amir. My Lord, it is;

Your Princess is my Charge:

And your own Servant here, by my instructions,
Shall haste and bring her to your Arms this minute.

Sax. Heav'n's brightest Diadem crown thee for this Goodness.

There Amiran whispers with Carlo, and gives him a Key

Fly, *Carlo*, fly, and as thou bring'st her hither,
Repeat the dismal Tale of all our Woes.
But oh, 'tis terrible, 'tis wondrous terrible
For such chaste Ears, yet she must hear it all.
Leave not one tittle that may wing her Soul
For its last flight; for, *Carlo*, she must die.
The softest Heart that yon Celestial Fire
Could ever animate, must break and die.
We are both too wretched to outlive this day;
And I but send thee as her Executioner.

Carlo. I fly to obey you, Sir.

Sax. Stay, *Carlo*, stay.

Why all this haste to murder so much Innocence?
Yet thou must go. And since thy Tongue must kill
The brightest form th' enamour'd Stars can e'er
Receive, or th' impoverish'd World can lose,
Go, *Carlo*, go; but prithee wound her Soul
As gently as thou canst; and when thou seest
A flowing Shower from her Twin Orbs of Light
All drown the faded Roses of her Cheeks;
When thou behold'st 'midst her distracted groans
Her furious Hand, that feeble fair Revenger,
Rend all the mangled Beauties of her Face,
Tear her bright Locks, and their dishevell'd Pride
On her pale Neck that ravish'd whiteness fall;
Guard, guard thy Eyes; for, *Carlo*, 'tis a sight
Will strike Spectators dead.

[Exit *Carlo*.]

Amir. I fear there needs

No study now to be that Beauty's Murderer.

Sax. How, Boy!

Amir. The bloody Pope, frighted last Night
At her discover'd Face, has doom'd you both
T' eternal Silence by a Bowl of Poyson.

Sax. Damnation!

Amir. These three thousand Crowns were given me
To bribe the Priest to mix your fatal Drugs,
And I'm afraid her Draught's already past.

Sax. Now for a Bait so strong might catch the Devil!
I'd angle with this black rank Whore She-Pope;
I'd float the Witch upon the burning Lake,
And when the hungry Fiend bob'd up, to gorge her,
I'd with her Crozier stick him through the Throat,
And tug him up from Hell. Sport for a God!
Oh the wild forms of my unruly Soul!

Enter Angeline with her Hair dishevell'd, attended by Carlo.
Thou beauteous Pile of everlasting Wo,
Approach thy wretched Lord.

Ang. Where art thou, *Carlo*?
Lend me thy Hand, and guide me to my Love;
For these benighted Eyes are so o'er-drown'd in tears,
Thas I'm all dark, and cannot find my way.

Sax. So have I seen a Cloud all gilt with light;
Eut oh ye Pow'rs that could those Heav'ns benight!
What was her Day, if she can set so bright?

Ang. Oh my lov'd Lord,

This

This ruin'd thing comes to thy Feet to die.

Sax. If thou must die, draw neer, my lovely Martyr ;
Come to this Breast, and make these Arms thy Monument.

Ang. In those lov'd Arms ! Oh stay, where am I going ?
Stand off, my Lord, stand off.

Those dear embraces are too blest a-circle
For such a sully'd bloated thing as I am.

Sax. And can I be more miserable still ?
Ah can those setting beams of light withdraw
Their last kind warmth from thy expiring Lord ?

Adg. No, my dear Life, we must embrace no more.
Should I approach those charming Fires too nigh,
There's so much vital heat in thy lov'd bosom,
That I shall live, live a polluted Monster,
And make the blushing world ashamed to own me.
Live with my load of shame ! No, cruel Pow'rs,
Hear my last Prayer, and give my murder'd Honour
And me one Grave.

Sax. Oh thou bright falling Star,
Never was Love nor Injuries like thine ;
Poor raviisht sweetness !

Ang. Raviisht ! Oh Ruine, Fate, Destruction, Death !
These Eyes, these Lips, oh Heavens, this sacred Bosom,
Once the blest Throne of thy transported Joys,
Made a loath'd Monsters Prey ! But oh ye Powers,
This is not half my Scene of Wo : Alas !
The bleeding *Lucrece*, and the mourning *Philomel*
Could plead as much as this : But I am a wretch
A thousand times more monstrously deform'd.
Oh my vast Wounds ! there's that wide breach of Ruine
In this one Breast, will let in Death enough
To break both hearts.

Sax. Together let 'em break.

Ang. Oh my wrong'd Lord,
When to my fatal Bed th'Adulterer came,
But oh, that hour be blotted from Eternity !
I harmless, languishing, expecting innocence,
Met the foul Traytor, kist, embrac'd him, lov'd him,
Around his Neck my longing Arms I threw ;
For I was kind, and thought, my Lord, 'twas you.
Oh horror, horror, unexampled horror !

Sax. Name it no more. Why did th'eternal Being
Create a Form so perfectly divine,
The Miracle of Story, Ages, Worlds,
So far above her Sex upon a Pyramid

Of Trophies fixt like a transparent Glory,
 And now all at one sudden blast of Lightning
 To strike the Master-piece of their Creation,
 Thrown headlong from her Pinnacle of Honour,
 And dash the shining Christal Globe to pieces?
 Blush, blush, ye Gods, blush till your glowing Skies
 Anticipate the World's last Funeral-Pile,
 And scorching Nature burn and rave as I do,

Ang. Methinks I see thro' your distracted eyes
 A Load of Fate weigh down your drooping Soul;
 And is it all for your poor *Angeline*?
 Be comforted; what tho' I come to die,
 'Tis but a short farewell to this base world,
 Till we shall meet in purer Joys above.

Sax. Ah no, my *Angeline*; when thou art dead,
 I am afraid my wrongs so high will rise,
 Make such complaints against my angry Stars,
 Till in despair
 I curse the Author of my wretched Being;
 Then in my wild Apostate Fury die,
 And never meet thee more.

Ang. O fie my Lord,
 Take heed, take heed of this unjust despair;
 Oh pray to Heav'n, and think that I am there.
 Oh do not tax the great Omnipotence
 Of ought unjust; when they depos'd us here,
 No doubt 'twas but to crown us brighter there.

Sax. Yes, ye great Powers, make us amends in Heav'n;
 For we have had but little Justice here.

Ang. Oh my dear Love, I die.
 Now take me, take me to thy dearest Arms:
 You need not be afraid t' embrace me now,
 For I shall die, and be all white again,
 And you may love me then without a Sin.
 In this warm Bed a spotless Martyr lay,
 For Death's kind hand wipes all my Stains away.

Sax. What dismal Planets reign'd when I was born?
 Planets, Fiends, Furies!

These were th' ascendent Lords at my Creation
 That abhor'd Night: when my unlucky Parents
 Mixt their unhappy Loves to form this Being,
 No smiling Star peep'd forth.
 But where's this Ravisher, this Pope, young Fairy?
 Revenge, ye Gods, Revenge! Is there that Word
 In all the dear Records of Fate for me?

[*Enter*

Oh

Oh could I but escape from this dire place,
And meet but once more this Monster face to face!

Amir. My Lord, you shall.

Sax. How Boy? Say that again.

Amir. Sir, this Gold

Design'd to buy your Blood, shall pay your Ransom :

With this I'll purchase your deliverance.

Thus secretly releast, be it your Art

To strike your Dagger to the Traytor's heart.

Sax. Now art thou kinder than a giving God,

And even prevent'st my Prayers. From thy bright Heav'n,

Blest Saint, look down, and let thy well-pleas'd Ghost

Smile at the Victim I intend to make thee.

And the slow pangs of his sad heart forgive,

Who for thy Vengeance must thy Fate out-live.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE the Last.

Enter a Rabble of Romans.

From within.] A Procession! A Procession! A Procession!

Rom. 1. Well Neighbours, since his Holiness is pleas'd to give us a Holy-day, let us improve it, and make the best use on't, that is, go to the Tavern, and be downright drunk.

Rom. 2. I, Neighbour, for I never knew any other use of Holy-day, but first to go to Church, and then be drunk.

Rom. 1. You make a just interpretation: but here lies the question, whether we shall sit in the Tavern like Sots, and not be drunk till night, or go and be presently drunk, then go home, beat our Wives, and sleep an hour, then rise and be drunk again before Sun-set, this I take to be the improvement of the day.

Rom. All. I, I, 'tis, 'tis.

Rom. 2. But heark you, Neighbour, do you never go to Church?

Rom. 1. Positively, no; my Reasons I will render. First, you do not take me for the least Fool amongst you.

All. No, no!

Rom. 2. Nor the least Knave, Neighbours.

All. No, No.

Rom. 1. Then I conclude I'll never pray at all, whilst we have such Shoals of Church-men to do it for us, as Cardinals, Monks, Abbots, Priors, and a thousand Orders more; and with all these Holy Men about us, 'tis impossible we should be damn'd Neighbours.

Rom. 2. Ay, but Neighbour, you ought to help at a dead Lift, 'tis hard trusting to other mens Prayers.

Rom. Why, don't I pay for't? I tell thee it goes against the grain.

grain to pray and pay too; I'll not do't, not I, and if I be damn'd, at their peril b't.

Rom. 2. Then I perceive, Neighbour, you are in a desperate condition.

Rom. 1. Not at all; for always when I pay the Priest his Duties, I always take an Acquittance, and those Acquittances I take as a Passport to slip me by Purgatory into the other world.

Rom. 2. But which of those other worlds do you think to go to?

Rom. 1. So I 'scape Purgatory, no matter which.

Rom. 2. But I'm afraid this will not do your work, Neighbour!

Rom. 1. Then let the Church bate me my Peter-pence, and I'll pray for my self, and never trouble 'em, and that I think's fair.

All. Ay, Ay.

Rom. 1. Besides, that's taking the Bread out of the Priests Mouths, and that's no other than Sacrilege, 'tis plain Intrenchment.

Rom. 3. Intrenchment! What's Intrenchment?

Rom. 1. Are you such a Fool you don't know what Intrenchment means? why Intrenchment is a hard word, and you all know what a hard word is.

All. I, I.

Rom. 1. Why, 'tis meddling with what we have nothing to do with, which is no better than picking ones Pocket; why Neighbour, you keep a reverend Brandy-Shop, and would not you take it ill if a Cardinal should set up, and sell Brandy by you? in troth, he'd go nigh to break you.

Rom. 3. I dod, would he.

Rom. 4. I'll undertake, if a Cardinal should sell Brandy, he'd be the richest man in all Rome.

Rom. 1. I'll undertake then I'll find you one shall do't.

Enter the Duke of Saxony with Attendants, bearing in the dead Body of the Dukes of Saxony.

Rom. 2. But see that which you call'd a Procession, looks more like a Funeral.

D. Sax. Oh, worthy Romans, here behold a sight
Will fill your Eyes with Tears, and Hearts with Grief;
And if this sight alone shall fail to move,
For Deaths are common in the Streets of Rome,
Yet will the Story, when unfolded, strike
You all with sudden horror and Amazement.

Rom. 1. Dad, he speaks well.

Sax. Say worthy Romans,
If freely you'll afford your Charity
To an afflicted Prince, that press'd with griefs

And

And injuries, lays by his Honours
And Titles to become your humble Suppliant.

Rom. 2. Our humble Suppliant.

Sax. Nor do I doubt, but when you have heard my Story,
You will afford your pity and revenge.

Rom. 1. Well Sir, I understand you are a Prince, and that
your good Lady is dead, and you'd have us make her alive again :
We can do you no good in 'it; 'tis not every man that lives in
Rome can do that Job, but if you'll speak to the Pope, or one of his
Cardinals they'll do it for a word speaking.

Sax. And is this all the attention you can give me !
Oh, *Rome*, how is thy wonted Braveness chang'd,
Since thy Inhabitants at call of *Anthony*
Flock'd round the Body of their murder'd *Cæsar* ;
With Tears they wash'd his Wounds.
And mixt a Deluge with his gushing Blood ;
Then starting from the Corps with noble rage,
Revenge and Justice through the Streets they cryed.
Oh, Romans, you will live to see that day
When from your Roofs your Daughters will be dragg'd,
Their Virgin Innocence abus'd with dust,
And thus brought home a lamentable Spectacle.
Thus shall your Wives and Daughters all be ravish'd,
Dishonour'd, Poyson'd.

Rom. 2. Why, has the Princess been so serv'd ?

Rom. 1. So it seems, if you'll believe a dead woman.

Sax. If this dear Beauty, born of noble Blood,
By Wedlock plant'd in a Prince's Bosom,
Could not escape from Treason, Rapes and Death,
How shall your Wives, your Daughters and your Sisters,
To whom no Awe, nor Guard makes difficult approach ?
Be safe ; no, I presage they shall be prostituted all,
Defiled, abus'd, torn up with impious lust ;
And to conceal the wicked Actors names,
Be murder'd as mine has been.

Rom. 2. But, pray, Sir, if a man may be so bold, who was the
Dog that did this plaguy Job ; by *S. Winnifred*, my Fingers do so
itch to be at him.

Rom. 1. Ay, do but tell us where we may find the Dog, and
we will roast the Rogue : and make the Devil a Feast of him.

Sax. I, that's the thing I ask, revenge, revenge me.

And to encourage you for this great deed ;

Take this, and this for your Reward, and Heaven

And Justice for your Leaders. *Rom. 1.* Gold, Boys !

Rom. 2. A noble worthy Prince, and we'll live and die by him.

Sax. But Gentlemen, when I have recounted the strange

Actors, and the more strange Villany,
I fear the Story will appear so monstrous
That you'll scarce dare believe me.

Rom. 2. How, not believe, and live at Rome?

Rom. 1. Do we believe in Images, and Relicks, and Holy water,
And Miracles, and not believe an honest golden Prince?

Sax. Then, generous Romans, know,
I owe mine and this Beauteous Martyrs ruine
To your accursed Pope.

Rom. 1. The Pope! *Rom. 2.* The Pope!

Rom. 3. Take heed Sir, what you say, the Pope!
But that you have great'd us in the fist, or else
Uddid, the Pope!

Sax. Nay, Romans, do not think I utter ought
Against *Romes* Majesty, but *Romes* Usurper;
Not that great Office and the blessed Prelacy,
But the accurst Impostor that profanes it;
Oh, Gentlemen, that seeming Royal Head,
To which you kneel and pray, is an abhor'd
Loath'd Sorcerer's, a filthy rank Adulteress,
A Woman damn'd in Lust; whilst the vile Schriech Owl
Broods in the Nest of Eagles.

Enter Lorenzo.
Lor. The murder'd Angeline, and the Saxon Duke!
This Ground's too hot for me.

Sax. Stay Villain, stay.
Look on that Martyr and this Arm, and then
Prepare thy Soul for everlasting Fire.

Lor. I will not fight with thee.

Sax. Not fight?
Art thou a Brute so rank, and yet so fearful,
But do I talk! a Minutes life's too long.

Lor. Thou hast kill'd me, and Damnation thank thee for't. *(Dies.)*

Sax. Thus far, blest Saint, thy great revenge succeeds.

Enter Pope, Cardinals, Priests, and other Officers, as in form of a
Procession.

Pope. *Lorenzo* murder'd, and that Saxon Basilisk
Alive, and in the head o' th' Multitude!
I am betrayed; undone.

Sax. Romans, Lords, Cardinals, to you I speak,
That brand of Hell—

Pope. Now by yon bright Omnipotence,
Some black design against *Romes* awful Godhead.

Sax. No, by yon bright Omnipotence I come
For Justice, Justice against *Romes* Scarlet Whore.

Pope. Dear adored Devil, save me but this once.

Sax. Oh Romans, *Romes* once thining Dignity

And dazling Glory is eclipsed for ever.
 Instead of Majesty to adorn a Throne,
 That mitred Monster is a Whore, Hag, Sorceress.

Pope. Heavens, can your Thunder sleep, and tamely hear
 Such Blasphemies within the Walls of Rome?

Card. 1. Inhumane Insolence! *Card. 2.* Exquisite Traytor!

Sax. No, willful blind deluded Prelates, no,
 Eternity blast me, if she be not a Woman,
 And the most rank Damnation ever shaped.
 And to make up her loathed Abominations
 By her contrivance was this Beauty
 First ravish'd, and then murder'd:

Whilst th' Hell-burnt Lust of the adul'terous Hag
 Within these blasted Arms supplied her Room.

Pope. Oh Rome, and Romans, lest the wrath of Heaven
 Should rain down Fire upon your guilty Heads:
 Upon the forfeit of your Souls revenge me.

Sax. Revenge my Wrongs, and this fair Martyrs Blood.
 Oh right the Honour of *Romes* injured Majesty,
 And burn the Enchantress.

Pope. Oh right the Honour of *Romes* injured Majesty,
 And seize the Heretick.

(*Saxony draws, and*

makes at the Pope, but is disarm'd by the people.

All the Gard. Burn, burn the Traytor.

The Rabble. Burn him, burn him, burn him.

(*Exeunt the Rabble, forcing out Saxony to execution.*

Pope. This dread Encounter, (oh my staggering frame)
 Has loosen'd every Vein about my Heart,
 And I am all o'er Convulsions. But lead on,
 And end the Sacred Business of the day,
 His Treason stopt, but his Blood clears our way. (*Exeunt.*

*The Scene opens, and discovers a Stake and Faggots, with Priests with
 Lighted Torches to kindle the Fire, and the Rabble hurrying Saxony
 to the Fire.*

Sax. Burn at a Stake, doom'd like a Slave, a Traytor!
 Farewel thou Royal rank Church Whore, farewell,
 Live and reign on, yes hot Inchantress live
Romes universal Teeming, Fruitful Prostitute:
 Brood on *Romes* cursed Chair, brood like a hatching Basilisk:
 Entail thy Lust t'a thousand Generations,
 And warm the Nest for all thy bloody Successors:
 May not that Beast of Prey, a Pope, succeed thee,
 But be thy Bastard, Not a Cell nor Cloyster
 But be thy Brothel.

And not a fawning Cardinal but thy Bawd:
 And lest thy hopeful progeny shoul fail,
 Mix thy black Lust with some engendring Devil,

And people thy curst *Rome* with Imps and Goblins,
And to employ all Hells whole stock of Fire,
May all thy race be Cardinals, Popes, Abbots,
Monks, Friars, Priests and all be damn'd together.

Rabble. Burn him, burn him.

(Scene shuts.)

Enter Cardinals.

Card. 1. By all that's good, a Whore, a Witch,
Confusion! *Rome's* dread Majesty transform'd
T'a teeming Hag, and an abortive Bastard!

Card. 2. Miscarried in the Street, Pth' open face of day.

Card. 3. Frighted, no doubt, with that fierce pectoring Duke;
The puny, half got, weak, untimely Bastard
Fell from the brooding Fiend.

Card. 4. *Rome's* Royal Chair,
Once the bright Seat of Heavens great Deputies,
Profaned and sullied by a Whore, a Syren;
May this curst day, and this more curst deed
From *Rome's* great Annals be for ever torn.

Card. 1. No let her shame be branded to posterity.
First be her Body into *Tyber* thrown,
Then hers and her unshapen Bastards Image
Be fix'd upon a Pyramid in *Rome*:
And lastly, in all future times
No Mitred Prelate in divine Procession,
Presume to pass through that detested Street
Where this curst Sorceress fell.

Card. 2. But my good Brothers,
How shall we guard our Mother Churches Brightness
From new pollutions; fence her holy Throne
From new impostors: from all future Sorceries?

Card. 1. Oh Brothers, by immediate revelation,
Touch'd with a Spark from yon Celestial Orb,
I've have found that happy glorious great design,
For which our yet even unborn Heirs shall thank me.

Card. 3. Oh speak!

Card. 1. Thus then the Coronation Porphyry,
On which *Rome's* installed Bishop, Heavens
Lieutenant takes his great Commission,
Shall thro' it have that subtle concave form'd
Thro' which a reverend Matrons hand——

Card. 2. Now by yon Stars inspired by some good Angel,
I guess thy glorious purpose.

Card. 1. Now Devils we desie your utmost power,
Rome's awful Throne shall be profan'd no more:
Put Whores and Bawds upon us, if you can,
Rome's Mitred Head henceforth shall be a Man.

(Exeunt omnes.)